National Anti-Slavery Standard.

VOL. XXI. NO. 7. NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 30, 1860. WHOLE NO. 1,047.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY, ON SATURDAY,

AT TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM,

BY THE

AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY,

At its Office, No. 5 Beekman Street, New York,

AND AT THE OFFICE OF THE

PENNSYLVANIA ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY,

107 *N. Fifth St., above Arch, Philadelphia.*

Letters for publication, or relating in any way to the editorial conduct of the paper, should be addressed, "EDITOR OF THE NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, NEW YORK."

Letters enclosing subscriptions, or relating in any way to the business affairs of the paper, should be addressed, "PUBLISHER OF THE NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, NEW YORK."

ADVERTISEMENTS, 10 cents per line each insertion.

Pro-Slavery.

In this Department we give place to such extracts from the Pro-Slavery Press, North and South, as serve best to illustrate the character of Slavery and the spirit of its champions and apologists.

From The Nashville (Tenn.) Union and American.

A NIGGER-STEALING QUAKER.

THE Cincinnati *Commercial* of April 18th contains the following:

"SAMBO IN A TIGHT BOX."

EDS. COM.—In this morning's issue of your paper I find, under the above head, a caution administered to me to be careful, after informing the public that a box was forwarded from Nashville, Tennessee, by Adams's Express, to my care, and all went well until the train reached Seymour, Indiana, when the box burst open and out dropped a nigger, &c. You go on to state that yesterday morning Mr. Coffin called for his box, and the clerk questioned him closely as to its contents, but he "didn't know a thing; couldn't guess what was in it." Then you say, Be careful, friend Levi; thee musn't tell fibs. Your caution is fully appreciated, and in return permit me to suggest to you to be careful to make no improper insinuations to lead the public to believe a fib in regard to my complicity in the matter.

About 12 o'clock on Seventh day, the 14th, I received, through the post-office, a letter post marked Nashville, Tenn., dated Nashville, April 11th, signed Hannah M. Johnson, stating that a box would be forwarded by Adams's Express to my care, and wishing me to go to the Express office and take charge of it, stating that the Express would arrive at 10½ o'clock Saturday night, but did not say what the box contained. I learned that the Express would not arrive till First day morning, 9 o'clock. I went to the office at that time, and handed the letter to the clerk or agent. He informed me that they had just got a dispatch informing them that a box marked Hannah M. Johnson, care of Levi Coffin, Cincinnati, had burst open at Seymour, Ind., and a "nigger" jumped out. I informed them that I did not know Hannah M. Johnson; never heard of her before; had no knowledge of any box or anything else being shipped to my care from that direction until I received that letter, which was before them. No questions were asked me. My statements were voluntary. They requested the letter, to copy. I gave it to them, with the promise to return it to me. They have the letter. The public is welcome to its contents. Previous to receiving this letter, I have had no correspondence with any person in Tennessee for more than a year past; did not know of any person, male or female, travelling in that direction; knew nothing of the matter in any shape. My name and address are well known in the South. It is no new thing for me to receive consignments of slaves from the South, generally gentlemen's children to be educated; but this is the first case in a tight box, and no instructions whether they wished him sent to school or not. I am sorry that Sambo did not get through safe after suffering so long in a tight box. I would have received him kindly, though I would object to that mode of travelling as dangerous and decidedly uncomfortable. LEVI COFFIN.

Cincinnati, April 16th, 1860.

Friend Levi, thee ought to have studied thy subject a little better, and then perhaps thee would not have involved thyself in such palpable contradictions. Thee never heard of Hannah M. Johnson, yet thou wert quick to "run after the strange woman," to pay the Express charges upon her box, the contents of which thee knew nothing about, unless thy instincts told thee. Verily hath it been said that the man given to prevarication ought to have a good memory and be able at least to tell a straight story. Thee ought to have conned this lesson over well, friend Levi, before thee did pen thy communication to the editor who gave thee such good advice. Thy worst enemy could not desire thee to write a book after reading thy communication. Thee knew too much about that strange woman and her mission among thy Southern friends, and never did criminal more surely betray his guilt. Thee knew that the box shipped thee by the strange woman contained a chattel, which the law, both human and divine, declared to be stolen, and which could not be received by thee without making thyself a party to the crime. We fear from thy avowal of sorrow "that Sambo did not get through safe," that thou art a most hardened reprobate, and that a lecture upon the evil tendency of thy practice would accomplish about as much as a moonbeam falling upon an iceberg.

But there is one thing, friend Levi, to which we wish to call thy especial attention. It is clear from thy confession that thou didst have an intrigue with this Hannah M. Johnson, and as that "kind-hearted individual" charged and received from Sambo seventy dollars in cash and a double-cased silver watch, according to his statement, we put it to thee whether it is not thy duty to make Sambo whole again in his purse? The sincerity of thy compassion for the nigger is now put to the test.

[See inside for Mr. Coffin's reply.]

SUMNER'S REVENGE.

From The New Orleans Picayune.

MR. CHARLES SUMNER, of Massachusetts, has made, in the Senate of the United States, the grand demonstration on the subject of slavery which it has evidently been the task of his life to prepare in the most effectual form, since the cane of Preston Brooks left its stripes upon his person for the malignity of his former public invectives against the men and the society of the Southern States.

We have never spoken of that chastisement, well merited as it undoubtedly was, by the coarseness of the insult it undertook to punish, except as extremely rash and thoughtless, the impulse of an impetuous indignation, which forgot in its heat the proprieties of time and place, and gave to the enemies of the South an advantage in the plea before the Northern people, that the liberty of speech had been violently assailed by Southern slaveholders on the floor of the Senate itself. The act was deeply regretted for the mischievous uses that could be made out of it, more than from any belief that the slanderer got more than he deserved.

He has been for years brooding over his disgrace, and preparing his revenge. His wounded vanity exacted of him that he should seek his reparation for wrong in the place where he was scourged, and his pride is in repeating the offence in the most aggravating form which a thorough search of the vocabulary of abuse for some weary years of self-banishment could supply to a reckless tongue. Supported, as it seems, by a sort of body-guard, under the direction of the fighting Mr. Burlingame, as a security against interruption by another cane, he went into the Senate to deliver the most furiously bitter and malignant tirade against slavery and slaveholding, against the slave States of this Union, and the slaveholders of these States, which has ever been uttered in this country by a man above the standard of Fred Douglass or Garrison. For hours he continued to pour out all the hoarded resentment of his heart, in a strain of insult to which the abusiveness which stung Mr. Brooks into the imprudence of chastising him into notoriety was dulcet commonplace. He ransacked ancient and modern history to find offensive comparisons, with which to stigmatize the society of the South as "barbarous" beyond anything known among nations which pretend to civilization. He assumed that the free States of the Union are types of civilized society, the slave States the most odious relics of the worst barbarism. He drew a comparison between the Barbary States of the Mediterranean and the Barbary States of America, and awarded to those nests of piratical Africans a superiority in morals and progress over the slaveholding States of the Union. He took up and eulogized and endorsed the whole strain and substance of Helper's book; and held up slaveholding communities to utter abhorrence, as essentially wicked by their nature, and slaveholders as villains by the law of their existence. He sums up a series of philippics of this class with the averment that slavery, being "barbarous in its origin, barbarous in its law, and barbarous in all its pretensions, barbarous in the instruments it employs, barbarous in its consequences, barbarous in spirit, and barbarous wherever it shows itself," it must "breed barbarians, while it develops everywhere, alike in the individual and in the society of which he forms a part, the essential elements of barbarism."

With this text, he declares for the extirpation of the monstrous evil, and repudiates with scorn the plea that it is only to be met as a political question, and declares that it is to be met on every ground as a solemn battle between good and evil.

There are two whole sides of a large newspaper covered with the speech, of which the sentence we quote is the key thought, amplified, illustrated and enforced in every possible form of insult, derision and defiance.

This black tirade went on without interruption, and with no other reply than some brief words from Senator Chesnut, of South Carolina, in which he expressed, in words much more emphatic than complimentary, his opinion of the scandalous exhibition of malignant and revengeful passions. The Southern Senators otherwise sat in contemptuous silence while this railing abolitionist unpacked his heart of its foul passions and his brain of the unwholesome load of revengeful thoughts.

Senator Chesnut would have done quite as well in suffering the harangue to pass without a word of comment. If we are to take Mr. Sumner as the type of a class in the North—the irrepressible conflict men—there are worthier antagonists with whom the contest for our existence can be waged; foemen whom it requires an effort to grapple with, and over whom success will be a substantial victory. But this mouthing Sumner is a ranter whom no party will consent to receive as a leader. He may expound their sentiments, but they shrink from the audacity with which he declares them, and the imprudence of making issue of them too soon. They have discarded Seward mainly because he is too directly committed to theories of the same kind with Sumner to be available as a candidate yet.

The impatience of Sumner will not permit these men to wait that consummation which Mr. Seward has promised, when Republicanism can go as fast and far as it wishes, and has preferred to go with Lincoln, now, as far as it can. Mr. Sumner will, therefore, in all probability, be disclaimed by the Republicans as an imprudent and inconvenient ally, and before long he will be taken out of the Senate. Republicanism has no need just now of such plain-speaking men, and he will be disavowed, and, at the close of his term, left out of the Senate, unless the election shall have demonstrated such a strength of the Republican idea that it may be advanced and supported more boldly than it is, the policy just now to avow.

But the speech is on record—an enlarged and embellished edition of Helper's infamous book, which obtained, for a political object, the endorsement of so many members of Congress. Both have been disclaimed by a portion of the party for whose service they were sent forth. But it is the dictate of common caution to note how far the principles are sustained of which the expression is disavowed; and to watch for the indications of a coming time when both may be taken up again, and set forth as the exponents of a successful party.

SUMNER'S CANVASS FOR AN ASSAULT.

From The New Orleans Picayune.

WE think it was Charles Lamb who, on being told of some abusive remarks about him, made by some ill-natured person, resented it by the determination "to let him alone, severely." This is the true rule of Southern treatment for Charles Sumner. The mean libeller, who soiled the Senate-chamber with the outpourings of a venom hoarded and distilled through four years of bitter brooding on a merited chastisement, had a practical object in view beyond the helping of his party, or the satisfaction of wreaking his revenge in big blank words. With the scourge that made him a martyr, he had enjoyed the honors of martyrdom, and made some profit out of it. At home he was almost literally carried about on a litter by politicians, that the devotees of abolitionism might imagine the welts they did not see, and give him the honors of a saint already canonized in the cause. Accommodating doctors of the same faith sent him abroad to receive the homage of the crowned and coroneted sympathizers with his hatred of one-half of his own countrymen. He obtained in this cheap way a release from the duties of public life, and the license to exhibit himself in Europe as the victim of the Barbary States of the Union. Massachusetts indulged him with this parade, and contented herself for his absence with the poor substitute of his associate, quite as willing a libeller, but with a meaner capacity, to represent the decay in national spirit of the grand old Commonwealth. The shadow of the absent Sumner was more precious to her than the unprofaned body of any of her living public men.

A man of Mr. Sumner's stamp might well feel these to be "the consolations for his sufferings" without abating a drop from the gall of resentment against the people of the South, for whom these profitable stripes were inflicted upon him by the rash hands of one of her impetuous children. He is not exactly like Mawworm, who "loved to be despised," nor Mark Meddle, who electioneers for a kick to bring an action of damages upon; but there is no earthly doubt that he delights to be hated in the South, because it keeps him on the list of Northern victims to Southern barbarity, and would be thankful for any exhibition of that hatred to bare before the abolitionists as more wounds in their service—scars to entitle him to more honors, as their martyr. We believe, sincerely, that he does not want to be whipped; he would rather it should not succeed. But we also believe absolutely that he wanted it to be attempted. The attempt, unmistakably made, would answer his purposes equally well. Indeed, we are charitably inclined to believe that he would rather not be caned again; he would evidently like an assault to be made upon him, and repelled by the intervention of a body of his friends, carefully placed to insure success. This would be new gratification, a scintilla of glory struck out to illuminate his path; and with the new denunciation of the barbarism of the South, would be a grand halloo over the defeat of the Barbarians. There can be no better motive assigned for the atrocious, deliberate and long-concocted provocations which Sumner continued for four hours to heap upon the people of the South from his seat in the Senate-chamber. He was deliberately canvassing for some hostile demonstration to be paraded for political uses, to inflame the Black Republicanism of the North, of which he is so conspicuous an exponent, and to renew for himself the sweets of popular sympathy, the indolence, the ovations, the parades and glories of martyrdom, if possible, without the disagreeable accompaniment of actual excoriation.

We advise most earnestly that he shall be disappointed. Let him alone "severely."

THE SLAVE BARRACOONS.

Correspondence of The N. Y. Herald.

KEY WEST, June 9, 1860.

I HAVE just returned from a visit to the barracoons which have been erected here by the United States Marshal for the accommodation and safe-keeping of the recaptured Africans recently brought into this port by the United States steamers.

The barracoons are on the seashore, on the south side of the island; are extensive, airy, comfortable, and well taken care of by a strong guard of United States troops and citizens. When within the enclosure, one may easily imagine himself to be in an African village; fourteen hundred wild Africans are grouped about, engaged in various diversions, or lazily basking in the sun; here, a party are having a war dance to the measured beat of the "Indian drum"; there, another dancing party—the lascivious dance of the savage; seated on the ground yonder are a party whose leader seems to be improvising a chant, the others beating time with their hands, and joining in the chorus with shouts of boisterous mirth.

The appearance of these poor creatures has wonderfully improved since they were landed and have had a chance for pure air, exercise and wholesome food. They do not wish to go back to African bondage.

The benevolent abolitionists have as yet taken no notice of their black "brothers." No, not even has a lock of hair, a kind message or a pipe of tobacco been sent by the Northern negro-stealers, who don't like this sort of interference with their trade. The poor "nigger" is therefore left to the tender mercies of the "unterrified" Democracy, under whose care he certainly is better off than ever before or hereafter, and is at present enjoying himself in the highest degree.

The United States Marshal furnishes good food in abundance, medical attendance and clothing, and the benevolent citizens of this ultra Southern city have contributed dresses for most of the women, with tobacco and many other little comforts. The "oppressed race" certainly fare well here, and receive much kindness and attention at the hands of all. *Quere*—Ought not Florida; in imitation of Massachusetts, to pass a law making it criminal on the part of any of the citizens to assist the United States Marshal in carrying out the law for the suppression of the slave trade? *Quere* 2—Has not Florida, equally with Massachusetts, a right to amend the law of Congress, and declare that these imported negroes are forfeited to the State? If Florida were controlled by the same law-and-order-hating race as Massachusetts, they would no doubt proclaim some higher law than the Constitution.

The Wydahs brought in by the Crusader are a superb-looking race of men—tall, muscular, athletic, well-formed, warlike-looking fellows, with good features; there are some remarkably good-looking women among them, and all in fine, healthy condition. These Wydahs do not associate with the Congoes previously brought in, but evidently regard them as an inferior race. Among these Wydahs are two men who were captured in the Echo. It will be remembered that Captain Maffitt was the captor of that vessel. On his taking possession of this, his last prize, the two men referred to immediately recognized and addressed him in the few words of English they had picked up. Comment is unnecessary. But so much the better for Liberia. Keep these fellows on the move. The United States pays well; it is a good speculation. How Massa Greeley will chuckle on knowing that Liberia passes the darkies round like the "supes" on the stage. The play is well managed, really.

It is vain to attempt to suppress the slave trade; so long as negroes can be bought for $25 and sold for $1,200, just so long will your Northern men continue this traffic, and it is the demoralization produced among them by this brutalizing trade which has degraded them to a set of law-breakers, who would trample the Constitution under foot. I have heard it said that your Yankee skipper will for five dollars sail near enough to hell to scorch his sails.

The best thing the philanthropists can do is to legalize and regulate the trade, so far as Cuba is concerned; and you may rely upon it, that with the trade thus opened, by proper restricting enactments, it would cease in five years, the market overstocked, the price of negroes reduced, the profit gone.

As for sending the poor devils back to Africa, who believes in it as a measure of philanthropy? Why, the most sanguine colonizationist who ever lived has by this time learned that his black brother prefers the "bush" rather than the apprentice drudgery of Liberia. Inquire of these captives whether they wish to return to Africa, the invariable response is emphatically "No." Their native condition is that of servitude, they are brought up as slaves, they know no better condition, and prefer serving the white man.

LETTER FROM DR. WADDINGTON.

From The Independent.

MANY of our readers will be glad to learn that the manuscript of an interesting volume from the pen of Dr. Waddington, treating of that period of hidden church-history with which he is so familiar, has been received in Boston, and will probably soon be published by the Congregational Board. We trust that this history will stimulate many to aid further toward the erection of a Memorial Church in Southwark.

We regret that Dr. W. has been annoyed by misrepresentations from this country touching his position on the subject of slavery. Here, where the authorship of these slanders is known, they have no weight whatever. As to the opposition of Mr. Batchelor of Glasgow, if we may judge of that gentleman's spirit and capacity by a recent speech of his, reported in *The Glasgow Examiner*, we should think Dr. Waddington could well survive that. Mr. Batchelor has simply made himself the butt of all well-informed persons in this country who have chanced to see his effusion. How a man of his reputed standing could have the assurance to palm off upon an audience, as an original speech, the rehash of articles from infidel abolition organs in this country, and could adopt their slang concerning his Christian brethren, assailing men by name, with most ludicrous blunders as to their relative positions on the slavery question—all this is matter of surprise to those who do not take into account the ignorance of wilfulness and the wilfulness of ignorance. We should be ashamed of any American minister of ordinary intelligence, who should betray such ignorance of ecclesiastical affairs in Scotland, with all their complexity, as the Reverend Mr. Batchelor has exhibited in almost every allusion to the American churches. One example will suffice. Speaking of the Fugitive Slave law, he says: "This nefarious measure *was received by the majority of the clergy in guilty silence*, and by not a few with still more guilty acquiescence." He then quotes a few detestable sayings from Drs. Spring, Parker, Spencer, Rogers, Prof. Stuart, and others—all which doubtless he found to his hand in some single pamphlet forwarded from this country—and professes to believe that these fairly represent the opinions of the ministers of Christ in the United States on the Fugitive Slave law. We could give the gentleman scores of published sermons against that law, and these only represent hundreds more that were preached against the measure as soon as it was announced. We assure Dr. Waddington that the Glasgow fulminations cannot inflict the least harm upon his reputation or his cause. The best use of the Glasgow fund would be to send the speakers over here to make the acquaintance of the men whom they have so wantonly assailed.

To the Editors of The Independent:

SIR: You may have observed from some of our journals that since my return from America I have been continually assailed by a few ardent spirits in England on the subject of slavery—the ground of the attack being the simple utterances offered by me at the Philadelphia Missionary Convention. So far as I am personally concerned, this hostility is of very small moment. My conviction is that in the end it will tend to a better mutual understanding between the true friends of freedom on both sides of the Atlantic. The attempt to destroy confidence in the Turkish Missions Aid Society has utterly failed—as it deserved to fail. It was more malignant, if possible, in its aim, than an expedition would be to poison all the wells of a country; as to take away the bread of life and to intercept the water of life, is a crime more awful than to deprive men of temporal sustenance. The society for destroying missions, under the form of an "Emancipation Committee," have honored me with the publication of a tract especially devoted to effect some injury to my name in this country. A copy of this brochure was forwarded to me, accompanied with a publication entitled, "A Brief Notice of American Slavery and the Abolition Movement." On page 31 of this work, so characteristic of its author, occurs this passage:

"A dissolution of the Union, it is affirmed, would inevitably put an end to slavery in the United States. Deprived of the protection of the military force of the North, the Southern States could not prevent a SERVILE REBELLION; and the conversion of slave into free labor would be the necessary consequence."

So these professed friends of emancipation would expose the millions of bondsmen, without organization, without military discipline, without ammunition, to wholesale massacre. I heard one of them the other evening recommending the repetition of the St. Domingo revolt, though the circumstances were altogether contrasted in that instance with the condition of society in the Southern States. Several years ago a dense crowd of operatives in the north of England assembled near my dwelling. I heard one of the speakers say to the people: "The way to freedom is for every one to take a handful of tow, dip it in oil, light it with a match, and throw it into the mills." A few days after, one of these incendiaries, the member of a Christian church, came up to me after preaching, and demanded an answer to the question, "Are you for the People's Charter?" I told him what I had heard, and said that I should prefer to lose life in any form rather than sanction such doctrines. So I say now. According to this physical force theory, the most compendious way to negro emancipation would be *to burn down the mills of Manchester*. Good will come of all this manifestation of folly and violence. Unhappily, for the present it impairs the effect of (or rather prevents) the testimony that might be given in the cause of freedom.

England is too slow to receive the truth as to the course of righteousness and liberty in America. The sacrifices we have made in the cause of emancipation bear no proportion to those of your pioneers and martyrs. It was a little laborious, perhaps, to get up petitions, but the advocates of emancipation here were refreshed by the gales of popular applause. But who lost his property? Who went to prison? Who fell a victim to popular violence? Who went on a pilgrimage of 1,500 miles with a little colony of freemen to clear a new settlement, and to die from cold, hunger, or the marsh fever? Not one. We forget that our English missionaries went out to the West Indies *under printed instructions not to agitate the question of slavery*. (I speak advisedly, for my brother was a missionary, and I saw a copy of his book.)

We must be patient. The facts you record from time to time as to your noble efforts to instruct, to marshal, and to inspire the host for the grand moral struggle, will *not* be printed here for some time. But go on. Repeat your statistics, and work away beneath the eye of your Divine leader and commander, and you will compel attention. The men will yet arise in England, after all this insolence and clamor, who will exercise discrimination and do justice to their brethren in America. I thought to have given you some sketch of our May meetings, but the strain into which I have fallen has rather diverted my mind from the matter. We are entering an era of progress. The tone of our meetings is improved, and there is a growing desire for spiritual blessings. I intend to send the manuscript of my historical sketch, from 1559 to 1620, by the Arabia to Boston next week for publication. With respect to the Memorial Church, it is as yet only a fragment. We worship in peace. The church is settled and begins to grow. But before making a renewed effort in England to raise funds, I pause to learn the course of duty. My former experience warns me to be careful. It is too evident that from my identity with America, some even in the Congregational ministry (Mr. Batchelor, to wit) are resolved when I move to aim their arrows at me. The Lord is my shield—but I well know what I have to expect.

The Lord has given us a banner to be displayed because of his truth. My hands are very feeble, but I believe that in the homes and churches I visited in America, there are many that will yet both pray and help. I am, sir, yours faithfully,

JOHN WADDINGTON.

Selections.

CAPTURED AFRICANS.

From The Tribune.

IN the late debate in the Senate upon Mr. Wilson's proposition to buy a number of light-draught steamers to be employed on the coast of Africa in suppressing the slave-trade, the conduct and the motives of Great Britain in relation to that subject were very freely impugned. It was even insinuated that Great Britain winked at the slave-trade and secretly encouraged it, as a means of supplying her tropical colonies with laborers. It is unquestionably true that the Africans captured by the British cruisers are sent to the British colonies, but the number is much too small to make any material addition to the supply of labor. Besides, the question recurs, What better disposition could be made of these unfortunate persons? The insinuation that they are made slaves of is utterly groundless. The negroes in the British colonies are free, and the captured Africans share in this freedom. It is true that they are put under indentures—the adults for three years, and the children for longer periods—but the employers are subject to very stringent regulations. The amount of labor they can require is strictly limited, and they are obliged to pay to these indentured laborers the same wages which they pay for the same amount of work to those who are unindentured. There is no part of the world in which the relations of employer and employed have been made the subject of such minute legislation as in the British West Indies, and in no part of the world is the laborer better protected in his rights, whether by law, or from the desire to secure and retain his services. On all plantations on which indentured laborers are employed, they must be furnished with houses in addition to their wages, and the owner is required to keep up a plantation hospital, at his own expense, and under the supervision of government officers, in which, when sick, the indentured laborers are entitled to gratuitous treatment. There are, no doubt, serious objections, in addition to the heavy cost, to sending back the liberated slaves to Africa. The demand for labor, and the number of persons able to pay wages, in the colony of Liberia are limited. The British Government would, no doubt, be ready to make an arrangement for transferring to her West India colonies all the captured Africans who may fall into our hands; and the inhabitants, out of desire to increase the number of their laborers, would even be ready to pay all the expenses of the transfer. Under this system, the liberated Africans would be secure of being looked after till they had acquired the rudiments of civilization, and would be certain of wages sufficient to maintain them, to say nothing of the chance they would enjoy, in common with the body of the laborers, of accumulating property and rising to a degree of social consideration.

If, however, Southern Senators are satisfied that Great Britain winks at the slave-trade, and wishes its continuance, as a means of supplying her own colonies with labor, nominally free, but really servile, there is a very easy way of counterworking her in that matter. The slave-trade, at present, is almost exclusively our trade, carried on in vessels fitted out in our ports, chiefly here in New York, and conducted under our flag. It is, therefore, in our power; and not only that, its suppression is a business which devolves specially on us. It is quite absurd to complain of Great Britain for not preventing the embarkation of slaves in American ships. She has no right to do that. An American vessel, now almost alone employed in this business, may take in a slave cargo under the very nose of a British cruiser, and all she can do is to hunt up some American ship of war, which alone has any authority to interfere. So in the case of the landing of slaves on the coast of Cuba. No British cruiser has any right to seize an American vessel so employed. Surely the Senate cannot have forgotten the complaints made by Mr. Cass on this score, and the consequent withdrawal of the British cruisers from the coasts of Cuba.

As the trade stands at present, Great Britain is wholly unable to bring it to a close. She has put a stop to it on the part of British vessels. Under treaties with Spain, Portugal, and other States, she has compelled ships of those nations to give it up. We have always steadily refused to concede any mutual right of search, and with ships bearing our flag she has no right to interfere. We have insisted upon our own exclusive right to enforce our own laws. Let us do so. Let us provide a naval force of the description needed on the coast of Africa. Let us exercise a due supervision over the fitting out and clearance of vessels destined for the African trade, and Great Britain would have no further opportunity of supplying her colonies with the labor of captured Africans.

EMANCIPATION IN RUSSIA.

Translated for the Times from The Independance Belge.

ST. PETERSBURG, Monday, May 21, 1860.

I BELIEVE I have kept you posted up regularly enough in regard to everything connected with the great measure of the emancipation of the serfs. You know that the second deputation of the representatives of the nobility from the interior arrived more than two months ago to commence its labors with the *Commission de Redaction*. I sent you at the time a description of their presentation to the Emperor, and the discourse addressed to them by this Prince—a discourse which testified again of the fixed resolve to bring this great question of enfranchisement to an end. I did not, however, tell you of the manner in which they were addressed on the following day by Count Panine, who also received the deputies, as President on the *Committee de Redaction*, for the address contained nothing of any consequence in regard to the important matter under consideration, but merely a personality touching Count Schouvaloff, Mareschal of the Nobility of the St. Petersburg Government. On the same day all the deputies hastened to be inscribed at his house, and not one of them neglected to be present at the first meeting. The Minister of Justice had, however, the good taste to comprehend that he had gone too far, and very courteously paid a visit to Count Schouvaloff. I give you these details because they may serve as an explicative commentary to the discourse of Count Panine, which you published a short time ago from *The Boersen Halle*, whose version of it was a faithful, although a very much softened one.

The mission of the deputies of the nobility from the interior was of two months' duration. The terms of these last envoys were easier, as it appears, than those of their predecessors. They were disposed to all arguments, but remained firm in the principle of the right of possession. Their labors terminated, if I am not mistaken, on the 28th April last, but they continued their meetings for several weeks more. At last they have presented the result of these labors to the Count Panine. In their letter addressed to him on this subject, they ask him to present to the Emperor a memorial inclosed in the same cover. It is of this memorial that I wish to say a few words; a curious paper in itself, as a historical document, defining very clearly the point of dissent between the nobility and the Government, which is not to be found in the emancipation itself—for all the nobility desire that at present—but in the basis on which this emancipation is to be worked out.

I had the good fortune to read this manuscript memorial with two of my friends—men who have great experience and knowledge of such questions of social order.

But I shall not deviate from my simple *role* of reporter.

The memorial first attacks the system of General Rostozoff; a system which the death of its author did not permit him to complete, and the basis of which was forced expropriation; that is to say, the taking away of a certain portion of their lands from the masters for the benefit of the serfs; with the obligation on the part of the latter to work a certain number of days for the proprietors or to pay them a certain annual rent, the proprietors to retain the right of examining the affairs of the serfs, &c.

The memorial recognizes all the generosity, justice and liberality in the acts emanating from the Emperor, and in which the wish of this prince has for so long a time been manifested. The deputies then go on to say, that they express the entire and firm intention of those whom they represent, in declaring them ready to sign the immediate liberation of their serfs, for the interests of Russia; but as regards their territorial possessions, they add, that the principle of property being the corner stone of society, they demand emphatically, from the justice of the Czar, the inviolability of this principle, the violation of which could only result in disorder and embarrassment.

They add: "However, if you demand it, Sire, we are ready to execute the wishes of your Majesty, although we are convinced that dangerous complications will arise therefrom."

They then go on to say that since their Sovereign had authorized them to express their opinion, should this opinion be contrary to the project of the *Commission de Redaction*, they had done so with perfect liberty of thought and speech.

They then expound their system, which seems to have obtained the general approbation of all those to whom it has been subjected.

The memorial then commences to supplicate his Majesty to accord them two years, within which to pass regularly and by transition from the actual state of things to the state of normal liberty henceforth. During these two years, the masters and the serfs shall have the mutual right, under a certain governmental superintendence, to make leases and contracts for the selling or leasing of lands to the serfs at reduced prices, the leases, however, to run for no shorter term than six years.

It is hoped that within this time a large number of serfs will have provided for themselves.

To those who at the end of two years are not yet provided for, Government will give, according to their aptitude and necessities, such lands as it believes indispensable to them. But a Commission of two degrees, with appeal, will be formed, to estimate the lands thus taken at their real and local price; and after this estimation has been made and the serf entered into possession, Government shall pay the price fixed in such estimation to the proprietor. This payment shall be made by State obligations, running for such a time as Government sees fit to fix, and bearing annual interest at the rate of 5 per cent.

The obtainment of territorial taxes will not regard the master; everything passes into the hands of the Government.

This is, as far as my memory has served me—and I believe it has served me right—an exact analysis of the principal ideas of the memorial.

I have been assured that the Emperor retained it in his cabinet for several days, and gave it his most serious attention; and in this connection several imperial words have even been cited, which would be very favorable to it. At any rate, I am assured that it has been sent by supreme order to the *Committee de Redaction*. I heard from another source, from one of the deputies, two days after I had finished the reading of this interesting memorial, that its original termination had been in the following words:

"This, Sire, is what seems to us to be the most proper way of solving this question to general satisfaction; outside of it, we see nothing but trouble and confusion."

At seeing this expression and several others in the text of the memorial, Count Panine refused to submit it to his Majesty. The deputies came together and were very much agitated; many of them refused to cut off the final phrase, and declared that they would not sign the memorial if it was not retained.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN, THE SLAVE-HOUND OF ILLINOIS.

WE gibbet a Northern hound to-day, side by side with the infamous Mason, of Virginia. Mason's slave bill is based on that clause of the United States Constitution which provides for the surrender of slaves escaping from one *State* into another *State* of the Union.

The Supreme Court of the United States has decided that the District of Columbia is not a *State* within the meaning of the Constitution. (See Hepburn *vs.* Ellzey, 2 Cranch, 445.) The District of Columbia is not, therefore, included in the terms of the Fugitive Slave clause. Whoever tries to extend the dominion of that clause over the District of Columbia, exhibits only his own voluntary baseness, can have no pretence of constitutional obligation, out-Mason's Mason, and stamps himself a hound of special "alacrity."

This deed Abraham Lincoln, Republican candidate for President, has done! Here are the facts: Extract of a bill introduced by Hon. Abraham Lincoln, in the U. S. House of Representatives, Jan. 10, 1849. (See *Congressional Globe*, appendix, 2d session, 30th Congress, p. 212.)

"Section 5. That the municipal authorities of Washington and Georgetown, within their respective jurisdictional limits, are hereby *empowered* and REQUIRED to provide *active and efficient means to arrest and deliver up to their owners* ALL FUGITIVE SLAVES *escaping into said District*."

Mr. Lincoln, in order to introduce this bill, requested the House to reconsider the vote, instructing the Committee on the District of Columbia to report a bill for abolishing the slave trade therein. To this request, Bingham, Dickenson, Giddings, Greeley, Horace Mann, Palfrey, Hudson, Wentworth, Wilmot, voted NAY; while Albert G. Brown (now the slave-code and slave-trading Senator), Butler (of Bully Brooks infamy), Howell Cobb, Goggin, Rhett, Iverson, LINCOLN, Toombs, voted YEA.

Mr. Lincoln, in urging his request, said he had submitted his proposition to various leading citizens of the District of Columbia, who gave it their *unanimous* approval.

No wonder Mr. Lincoln is unwilling to make any opposition to the Fugitive Slave bill! No wonder the Chicago Convention omitted that point in their resolutions! Their standard-bearer has a worse bill to answer for than even Mr. Mason.

The New York Tribune affirms that Mr. Lincoln *stands on his record*, and has no wish to alter any part of it. We wait to know of Republican journals where to draw that line which shall allow us all our indignation against Mason, and yet save the fame of their candidate.—*Liberator*. W. P.

PUBLIC HONORS TO COLORED PEOPLE.

THE colored people are now in high honor in New York. The prejudice against a dark complexion seems to be vanishing away. The city authorities, and the citizens themselves, have just been lavishing profuse attentions upon a few dozen new-comers with dusky skins. The newspapers, for several days past, have been preannouncing their movements; the largest of the hotels has been engaged expressly for their accommodation; the fleetest of North River steamboats was chartered to steam them up the bay to the Battery; the flags of the shipping were hoisted in honor of their arrival; the store-windows of the finest marble fronts on Broadway were crowded with badges and banners, printed in large letters, bidding them welcome; the military were drawn up in procession, seven thousand strong, to add to the scene the honors of the national stripes and stars; the streets were crowded with half the inhabitants of the city, to swell with the popular voice the general chorus of the day; and all this bustle and excitement, all this gathering of a great multitude in holiday attire, all this beating of drums, and playing of fifes, and waving of pocket-handkerchiefs—performed simply and solely in honor of a few carriage loads of colored people, newly arrived from their warm country across the sea, their faces tinged with a very unpopular blackish brown!

The colored people sat in their carriages, and politely bowed to the whites who gathered around them on every side. They gave evident tokens by repeated smiles, and by graceful gestures of the hand, that they were immensely pleased with their honorable reception. After this, who will ever again accuse the colored people of ingratitude?

They appeared to be in very good condition, without fault or flaw; or, as they say in Richmond, "warranted sound and healthy—right and title good." We should think—though not claiming to be the best judge of such articles—that Simmi Boojsen-no-Kami, first Ambassador, being now a little old and care-worn, and probably having seen his best days, might not bring in the market more than $800. Mooragaki Awajsino-Kami, who is slightly injured in personal appearance by heavy lips and protruding front teeth, might be knocked down at the same price. Moorata Okatoroh, who, it is said, has learned to read English, might on that account be considered a little dangerous to our peculiar institutions, and would hardly be a desirable article of purchase. But "Tommy," who is a general favorite, would undoubtedly command a high cash price because of the extreme liveliness of his disposition, and his remarkable ability to amuse.

These colored people, however, notwithstanding the general activity of the colored people's market, have not yet been offered for sale at any price. In fact, they have some very unmarketable bad habits; the most striking of which is a claim to natural and social equality with the rest of mankind. Thus, although colored people, they not only made a visit to Washington, but, to the great discredit of our institutions, actually succeeded in getting into the best circles of society there! Although only colored people, they nevertheless were invited into the White House by the white man who lives in it, and the white, pretty young woman who sits at the head of the table. The Old Public Functionary, who writes himself as the Gray-Haired, made a profound bow to these colored people, who, in bowing in return, as was plainly noticed, showed themselves like that well-known colored person, Uncle Ned—

"Without any hair on the top of his head."

The colored people then proceeded to Baltimore, and although they had no free papers to show, and, so far as we are informed, no vouchers according to law, were permitted to pass through the city after only a brief detention on the part of the authorities. On Saturday afternoon they arrived in this city, and although their coming created great excitement, we have not learned that Capt. Rynders or his deputy-marshals made any attempts at arrest. On the contrary, the chief magistrate, Mayor Wood, who stood so very high upon his dignity during his recent visit to the colored people at Charleston, kindly condescended to give a cordial greeting to these colored people on their visit to him at the City Hall. The Mayor's brother, too, sent to the colored people a handsome bouquet; though this instance has not made so striking an impression as the other, inasmuch as he is himself one of the colored people, of the tribe of Wood's Minstrels. Gov. Morgan, from whom we had a right to expect great kindness to all colored people, did no more than we anticipated in his polite attentions. But we confess to a grateful surprise at the generous invitation of Mr. and Mrs. James Gordon Bennett, soliciting the pleasure of the company of the colored people in their spacious parlors at Washington Heights, on Tuesday at 1 o'clock. It is, however, but just to Mr. Bennett to say that his invitations were issued privately, and not through the columns of *The Herald*—so that no apprehension need be felt for the Union of the States.

It is to be hoped that so many and so flattering demonstrations of good-will toward the colored people may be the harbinger of an era of better feeling. We are glad to learn that, during their stay in this city, they will be handsomely entertained at the Metropolitan Hotel, and will be permitted to sit at the same table with the whites. They now walk up and down our streets unmolested, greeted with much curious but always respectful attention; and when, fatigued with walking, they prefer to ride, they are gratified to find, as another evidence of increasing public sympathy, vehicles on almost all the avenues, fitted up for their express accommodation, with the generous announcement, "Colored People allowed in this Car." Thus, everything will be done to make their stay agreeable, both to themselves and to us, and we doubt not that when they go away they will take with them not only our warm regards, but also our equally warm prejudices against the colored people. T. T.

—*Independent*.

THE AFRICAN SLAVE TRADE—THE DEBATE IN THE SENATE.

From The N. Y. Times.

WE published yesterday a very interesting debate in the Senate on the proposition of Mr. Wilson to fit out five small ste

religion and our civilization, a due regard for the morals of the community and for the interests of free white labor, make it imperative on us to put a stop to it, so far at least as our flag and territory are concerned. It is of no consequence to us, so far as our own action is concerned, what France, or Spain, or England think about it and do about it. We have arrived, we hope, at the dignity of possessing a code of morals and a political policy of our own. We have churches and schools, a literature and statesmen of our own. We are competent to form an opinion about the slave trade. If an auction of blacks took place in the orchestra at Exeter Hall to-morrow, we should, doubtless, all of us regret bitterly the relapse of a great nation to the slough of barbarism, and look with sorrow for the swift destruction that would surely follow it; but our own course would still be plain.

We abhor the traffic; we have ships and guns and men and money, and we are able to prevent all further pursuit of it under our own flag. Our duty is, therefore, clear; and all attempts to impede the performance of it by "pitching into England" are so much gratuitous self-degradation. Mr. Seward put the matter in the right light when he informed the Senate that we must get over the weakness of relying on England for assistance in administering the police of our own commerce. We must do it ourselves, for our own reasons, and in our own way.

SUPPRESSING THE SLAVE TRADE.

From The Evening Post.

THE excuse set up in the Senate, in the debate on the slave trade, by those whose great anxiety is to let it entirely alone, for not acting with more vigor against it on the coast of Africa, that the prize-money furnishes an inducement to the British cruisers to let the slavers embark their cargoes for the purpose of catching them afterwards, is so very transparent a piece of humbug that we are greatly surprised that any of the Republican Senators should have been deceived by it. A very little consideration ought to have sufficed to prevent Mr. Collamer from using it to throw cold water on Mr. Wilson's proposition for the construction of five new vessels for the African service.

The fact is, that there is nothing which cruisers can do to prevent slaves being embarked half so effective as using greater diligence in catching them after they are embarked. It is inflicting on the slave-breeder the penalty he most dreads—the loss of his ship and cargo. If every slaver were sure that he would be caught the minute he puts to sea, nobody would risk a dollar in the traffic, and not a single negro would ever be purchased on the coast. The more inducement officers have to catch slavers, whether it be offered in the shape of prize-money or not, the fewer slavers there will be to capture. Mr. Collamer talks as if slave-traders were actuated solely by a love of the business, or a desire to promote cotton and sugar culture, and as if the chance of their making money on the venture had nothing to do with their undertaking it. Otherwise his proposition, that the stronger the inducement you furnish to naval officers to prevent their realizing any profits after they have virtually made the investment, the more you encourage the traffic, is sheer nonsense.

Moreover, we should like to be informed, if it is injudicious to pay naval officers for catching slaves after the slaves are embarked, in what way can cruisers be employed against the traffic at all? It is impossible for either England or America to prevent slaves being collected for sale at the barracoons on the coast, without a land force which shall be sufficient to patrol a line of at least three hundred miles. Where are troops to be had for any such service? What troops would submit to be sent on it without mutiny? Where are the white men who can survive military duty in that climate for three months? Is it not notorious that Europeans or Americans can only support life in those latitudes at sea, and by the use of constant precautions? We must rely on a naval force exclusively, and no naval force can prevent Dahomey or any other barbarian power from concentrating as many droves of human cattle as it pleases, upon any given point, every night in the year. This being the case, no force not large enough to have every inch of the coast under the eye of some one vessel of the fleet at all hours of the day and night can prevent shipments from taking place. It could not do so even if it possessed unlimited powers of search and visit, which we have expressly and repeatedly denied to the British.

A dozen American clippers may appear off any point of the coast, and the British commanding officer may know them to be slavers, and know them to be waiting for cargoes, but he cannot effectively impede their business, unless he can detach a separate vessel to watch each one of them night and day. This, of course, is utterly impossible, and is never attempted. Five times the number of cruisers which the British have on the coast would not suffice to protect all the barracoons against the designs of the swarm of fast vessels which this port alone now keeps hovering off the slave coast. With the force at their disposal, and under the existing restrictions as to the right of search, the only thing the British can do is what they are doing—lie in wait for such of the pirates as have got their prey on board and are making off with it. It must also be remembered that to enable a British officer to board one of our slavers, he must be absolutely certain, under the rules we have ourselves laid down, that there are negroes in her hold. If he attempts *prevention* by boarding her or interfering with her beforehand, he renders himself liable to dismissal or censure, at the demand of our minister, in case he should be unable to discover proofs of her guilt.

The state of the case at present is simply this: We do not prevent slavers from being fitted out in our ports and sailing for the coast of Africa. We do not maintain cruisers enough to overhaul and watch them when they have arrived at their destination, and to prevent their taking in their cargoes; and we will not allow the British to assist us in doing it. Lastly, we do not either prevent their being landed on our own shores or on those of Cuba in our own waters; and when a proposition is made in the Senate to increase our naval police force, it is voted down, under the shallowest pretences.

THE SLAVE TRADE—INTERESTING DEBATE IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

IN the House of Commons on the 8th inst., Mr. Cave rose to ask the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs whether his attention had been directed to the Message of the President of the United States to Congress, on the 19th day of May, respecting the slave trade, and whether Her Majesty's Government had received any recent communications from the Government of the United States, or intended making any fresh proposals to that government on this subject? The honorable gentleman had no doubt at all that the Government of the United States was sincerely desirous to assist us in the suppression of the slave trade, but unfortunately there was a large portion of American capital invested in that trade, although the citizens of the United States generally were opposed to it. The employment of steam gunboats on the coast of Cuba had fallen like a thunderbolt upon the people engaged in the slave traffic, and they therefore determined to procure the recall of those gunboats if possible. The American people became excited on the subject of the right of search, and the American Government became uneasy, and at length the service was so arduous to the officers employed, in consequence of the difficulties thrown in their way, that we were compelled to do one of two things, either to recall the vessels or to prevent their interfering at all with any ship hoisting the American flag. He thought from a passage in the President's Message to Congress, that there were signs of an intention on the part of the American Government to act more cordially with Her Majesty's Government in suppressing the slave trade on the coast of Cuba. It seemed monstrous that, year after year, in defiance of the most solemn treaty obligations and directly in the teeth of America and England, that Spain should persist in carrying on this iniquitous traffic. There were at present in Cuba 400,000 slaves, who died at the rate of ten per cent. annually. Forty thousand were annually imported, and if there was any further deficiency it was supplied by introductions from China and Yucatan. The Americans were bound by the Ashburton treaty to employ eighty guns in the suppression of the Cuban slave-trade, but he thought their efforts would be much more efficacious if they employed a smaller and lighter class of vessels. If America would fairly unite with Her Majesty's Government in suppressing the trade, the squadrons of the two countries might cruise together, and when a slaver attempted to escape by hoisting the American colors, an American vessel could be immediately signalled to overhaul her (hear, hear).

Mr. Kinnair thanked the honorable gentleman for having introduced the question, and wished to learn from the Foreign Secretary if it were true that offers had been made by the American Government to cooperate with Her Majesty's Government in suppressing the slave traffic?

Lord John Russell said he was anxious to state, before answering the question of the honorable member (Mr. Cave), that he perfectly concurred with the remarks which had fallen from the right honorable member for the University of Dublin (Mr. Whiteside) in reference to Colonel Shiel. He thought that the character of a public officer who had served with great distinction ought to be preserved unsullied. With regard to the question of the slave trade, it was one which must deeply interest the House and the country. He should add nothing to the statement of the honorable member for Shoreham in reference to the present state of the question, the negotiations conducted by Lord Malmesbury, and the attempts which had been made to excite the jealousy of America as to the right of search. It was unfortunately too true that the slave trade was extensively carried on in Cuba, between 30,000 and 40,000 slaves being annually imported into the island. It was also true that it was carried on in contempt of the treaty between this country and Spain, and that at present there were no efficient means for suppressing it. This want of efficient means arose from various causes, one of which was, as had been stated by the honorable gentleman, the jealousy on the part of America of any regulations that could interfere with the free action of American vessels. Another cause was the imperfection of American law. An article had been introduced by his noble friend (Lord Palmerston) into some of the treaties in reference to the slave trade, called the equipment article, but there was no such provision in the American law. It therefore frequently happened that vessels upon the coast of Africa, completely equipped for the slave trade, intending to embark 200 or 500 slaves in the night time, and fitted up for that purpose, had been seen by our cruisers under the American flag, but they were of course unable to interfere with them, and though they might point them out to the American cruisers, still there was no power of interference, there being no law of the United States which would justify it. There was also another difficulty in regard to having no flag. When a British vessel appeared the slavers hoisted the American flag, and when an American cruiser appeared she threw away the flag and destroyed her papers, in which case the cruiser had no power to seize her, though if a British cruiser were in sight the latter would be enabled to do so. Her Majesty's Government had proposed to the Government of the United States that by keeping the British and American cruisers in company off the coast of Cuba one might be prepared for a case where the American flag was hoisted, and the other for a case in which there was no flag used at all. The question was now under the consideration of the American Government, and so far as it had been considered it seemed to have been favorably received. As yet, however, no promise had been obtained from the American Government to amend their law, but the statement they made was a very well-founded one, namely, that it was not likely that any proposition for rendering the American laws against slavery more stringent would ever receive the sanction of the Congress of the United States. The question had engaged the attention of Her Majesty's Government, who had in preparation a despatch upon the subject which they proposed to transmit to various Governments. It was doubtless mortifying as well as shocking to feel that when we had done so much we were not able to destroy altogether a traffic which was not only repugnant to all our feelings of humanity, but was absolutely a direct infringement of treaties (hear, hear). There was, however, a subject upon which he thought some good might be effected. The slave trade had hitherto been extended to China, persons having been kidnapped and forcibly abducted from their homes by the most atrocious means. He thought that might be put a stop to, but there was a distinction between the African slave trade and that with China. In Africa the traffic had been fostered by wars and civil contests, in which whole villages had been destroyed by every kind of violence. The case with respect to China was wholly different, inasmuch as the people there were highly civilized and subject to severe laws, and the Government possessed very efficient powers if they chose to exercise them. It had been hitherto an object which had been attended with success, to employ the agency of the Chinese Government in putting an end to kidnapping, and substituting a system of emigration. He trusted that by these means something would be done to eradicate the slave trade. When they compared what was the case many years ago, when 140,000 slaves left Africa in one year, with the state of circumstances in the present year—the number having been reduced to 50,000—he thought they would admit that sufficient progress had been made in the question to justify them in not abandoning all hope of ultimately obtaining the entire suppression of the trade.

THE NEW YORK INDEPENDENT.

From The Free Church Portfolio.

THIS paper reminds us a little of Joseph's coat of many colors. We think a journal, like a man, ought to have individuality. It ought to be like a trumpet which has a certain sound. Its staff of editors ought to be composed of those who think alike on all the great questions that are discussed in its columns; thus exhibiting unity of purpose with diversity of style and manner. Thus it is with most of the papers published in the great commercial focus of New York. But *The Independent* is on both sides of the question of slavery, for the discussion of which, in its religious and political aspects, the paper was originated. In the issue of the 14th inst., it has a long and glowing article on Mr. Sumner's late speech in the Senate, winding up with saying, "We are pledged in irreconcilable hostility to slavery as a *stupendous wrong*." In another article, in defence of Dr. Waddington, the English Congregationalist minister who attended the meeting of the American Board at Philadelphia, and showed the white feather, it reproves harshly "the infidel abolition organs" which practically treat slavery as a "stupendous wrong." Dr. Waddington came to this country last year to raise money for building his Memorial Church in London. Like all other foreigners who come on the same errand, he bowed down in the house of Rimmon, by which we mean that he sprinkled himself with holy water in the temple of our great American Moloch. When he returned home, the English Christians condemned his course in very unequivocal terms. He writes back to his *Independent* friends of the way he has been treated both in England and the United States, and they administer very serious reproof to the parties concerned on both sides of the water. Now the secret of this inconsistency is this: *The Independent* is a fast friend of the American Board of Missions, and in league with all its plans. This Board, by employing pro-slavery missionaries among the Choctaw and Cherokee Indians, has succeeded in barbarizing the morals of these children of the forest to such an extent that they have become slaveholders. The sacred funds given by American Christians for spreading the Gospel of Jesus Christ have been prostituted and perverted by teaching the savages the great lie that breeding and trading in slaves, and holding them as property, is not wrong, but lawful and right. The Indians have learned these lessons, and among them are to be found rampant fire-eaters, as furious as their white brethren in South Carolina. The legislation of the Choctaws on the subject of slavery is purely diabolical. And this Upas tree was planted in the presence of the Missionaries. If they did not positively dig about it and dung it, they allowed it to take root, and cherished its growth by their smiles. Then, when the nation saw scores of thousands of dollars expended in forcing back the Choctaws into the barbarism of slavery, the Board, on account of the outside pressure upon them, gives up the mission into the hands of the Old School Presbyterians, and flatters itself and cajoles its supporters with the idea that it is somewhat anti-slavery! But the Board is still keeping up the same policy among the Cherokees. *The Independent* supports them in it, and so do Ward Beecher and the Congregational clergy generally. But the friends of the "American Missionary Association," and the "infidel abolition organs," and the British Christians, with few exceptions, believing the teaching of *The Independent*, that slavery is a *stupendous wrong*, will hold no fellowship with it but rather reprove it. Now, who is consistent, *The Independent*, which declares slavery to be a "stupendous wrong" and yet aids and abets the American Board in perpetrating this wrong by organizing slaveholding churches among the Indians, or those who, believing slavery to be a wrong, treat it as they do all other wrongs by holding no communion or fellowship with it? We trace the asperity of *The Independent* towards its *malum in se* brethren to a secret conviction that it is wrong and inconsistent in its position, while it is too proud and stubborn to acknowledge the fact and act accordingly.

During our late visit to the East, we saw nothing that so discouraged us as the *mulishness* of the New England clergy in regard to the Church Anti-Slavery Society and its fundamental doctrine that slavery is an *inherent sin* unworthy of Christian fellowship. They endorse Lovejoy's view and hold slavery to be a twin relic of barbarism. They say Amen to the positions of Charles Sumner in his recent speech, and declare slavery to be "a stupendous wrong." But it is not so stupendous as to justify the Church Anti-Slavery Society in saying that it is *malum in se!* To be sure, in heaven-daring criminality, atrocity and meanness, it is as huge as the Alleghany mountains. But it is not so huge as the Alps, whose summits pierce the skies, and therefore these conscientious gentlemen cannot cooperate with their brethren of the Church Anti-Slavery Society! We know not a more muddy-headed set of men, both in theology and ethics, than the clergy of New England. Give us the bold, flatfooted advocacy of slavery as a Bible institution, rather than the hair-splitting, Janus-faced policy of those who admit that slavery is a crime, but contend that it is not so stupendous a crime and a wrong that it should be put out of the churches at home and the mission churches among the heathen.

MONUMENT TO A COLORED MAN.—We some time since announced the death in Cincinnati of a distinguished colored citizen, Mr. John Ieum Gaines. *The Commercial* states that the colored people throughout the United States and Canada have been actively engaged since the decease of Mr. G. in making arrangements for a monument to his memory. It is to be completed by the first of August, the anniversary of the emancipation of the West India slaves, on which day the monument will be inaugurated.

Mr. Gaines was well and widely known, and was regarded as the equal of any of his race in ability and integrity. The monument is especially designed to commemorate his labors in behalf of the education of people of color, and it is intended to make the inauguration ceremonies very imposing.

SERVED HIM RIGHT.—A year ago last winter two negro girls, held in slavery in Nebraska (there's a squatter-sovereignty item), escaped from their master, and, as was supposed, crossed the Missouri river into Iowa. Their owner, finding plenty of Democrats for the service, organized an armed party for pursuit, and, as soon as they were on Iowa soil, commenced breaking into and searching citizens' houses and committing various other offences against the law, order and decency which prevail in a free State. Of course they had no warrant or show of authority. Like the Missouri nigger-catchers in Southern Illinois, they proceeded upon the assumption of the white man's divine right to all the darkies he can get, and to catch and hold them wherever they can be found. The girls were not captured; their owner went back minus his chattels, but with a heavy bill for his democratic posse and their whiskey, which in all nigger-catching expeditions somehow is sure to flow. One R. S. Williams—of course a pestilent "abolitionist," with just enough effrontery to maintain that he has rights that even nigger-catchers are bound to respect—seems not to have liked the proceedings of these marauders. He sued the would-be master, the owner of the flying chattels; and we see by an Iowa paper that he has recovered $8,000 damages, in full, we suppose, for the insults and injuries to which he and his family were subjected by the barbarous clan. That's good. We like it; and if the same discipline could be enforced in the Egyptian counties of this State, Illinois would make a new and long approach to freedom. We commend the case to the consideration of our friends in the Southern tier, where the nigger-catchers do most abound.—*Chicago Press, June* 13.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 30, 1860.

CORRESPONDENTS will greatly oblige us by a careful observance of the following directions, viz.:

Letters enclosing matter for publication, or relating in any way to the editorial conduct of the paper, should be addressed, "EDITOR OF THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, No. 5 BEEKMAN STREET, NEW YORK."

Letters enclosing subscriptions, or relating in any way to the business of the office, should be addressed, "PUBLISHER OF THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, No. 5 BEEKMAN STREET, NEW YORK."

THE INSURRECTION OF 1776!

THE Eighty-fifth Anniversary of this great American triumph will be celebrated by a grand MASS MEETING, in the handsome and commodious Grove in FRAMINGHAM, on Wednesday, July 4th. Turning with abhorrence from the mockery of commemorating the achievements of Freedom by servility to slavery, let all who hate despotism in the garb of Democracy and Republicanism as well as of Monarchy, and would overthrow it by every weapon that may be legitimately wielded against it, assemble to consider the solemn and pregnant issues of the hour—how we may best preserve the principles of the Revolution, and carry them forward to a speedy and enduring triumph.

Special trains will run upon the different railroads, as heretofore. An able corps of eloquent speakers will be in attendance.

FRANCIS JACKSON,
WM. LLOYD GARRISON,
E. H. HEYWOOD,
HENRY O. STONE,
CHARLES A. HOVEY,
GEO. W. STACY,
} Committee of Arrangements.

WE are constrained to postpone till next week a letter from our Philadelphia Correspondent.

REV. DR. WADDINGTON AND THE INDEPENDENT.

EXPERIENCE, though the sternest, is the most thorough of teachers. One of the hardest and slowest lessons learned by the American Abolitionists, in the course of their thirty years war against slavery, has been the fearful extent to which that "institution" has succeeded in corrupting not only the manners and morals of this country, but its religion, and the official teachers of its religion. So entire was the confidence reposed by Mr. Garrison in the clergy, when he first became impressed with the paramount importance of the overthrow of slavery, that his first public and private efforts were directed to supplying them with *information* in regard to the enormities wrought by it; for he assumed that silence upon such a subject, among ministers *of the Gospel*, could proceed only from ignorance in regard to it. To his profound astonishment, he found them utterly indifferent to the momentous facts thus communicated. They told him (either in words, as Dr. Lyman Beecher did, or by equally intelligible silence), that they had no time to attend to that matter. The ardent young reformer, unable at once to relinquish his faith in men whom he had hitherto esteemed a *Christian* ministry, undertook to convince them that religion as well as liberty demanded the uplifting of their voices upon this subject. They utterly disregarded both him and it. Then his eyes were opened. Freed long before from the *fear* of man, he was now delivered from that blind reverence for the priestly office, and that blind trust in the correct leadership of the clergy, which still make the Church in this country the main bulwark of slavery. From that time he has continued to point out the unfaithfulness of the priestly order to that Christianity which they pretend to teach. And from that time they have falsely and malignantly stigmatized him as an infidel.

British Abolitionists are now called to learn the same hard lesson in respect to a certain proportion of *their* clergy. How large a proportion this is, doth not yet appear. The problem, however, is in process of solution, and Dr. John Waddington, of London, is giving material help towards it, standing himself as the illustration, first of pro-slavery policy (for the sake of gain) in America, next by the use of misrepresentation and falsehood to conceal this policy in England.

Our British friends were naturally amazed and shocked when they found the most undoubted specimens of American piety in the clerical office—two Doctors of Divinity, Rev. S. L. Pomroy, an Orthodox Congregationalist, and Rev. Baron Stow, a Baptist—telling deliberate and repeated lies (we regret that no word of less significance will express the acts in question) to conceal their complicity with slavery. They thought, as we also had fondly hoped, that this was a peculiarity of the *American* religion. Dr. Waddington has begun the course of illustrations which must ere long open the eyes both of English and American Abolitionists to the fact that clerical complicity with slavery must be expected to use deceit as one of its instruments, in their country as well as in ours.

The Independent has joined the openly pro-slavery *Observer* in vindicating the position and echoing the deceits of Dr. Waddington. His letter to *The Independent*, with its comments thereon, will be found under the Pro-Slavery head on our first page. In the latter occurs this sentence, namely:

"We regret that Dr. W. has been annoyed by misrepresentations from this country touching his position on the subject of slavery."

Our readers know how entirely unworthy of confidence is *The Independent* in a matter of this sort. Our English friends have yet to gain this knowledge; and they may gain it, if they will, by careful attention to the particulars of the very case before us.

The statements respecting Dr. Waddington in English newspapers (which *The Independent* deceitfully calls "misrepresentations") were merely a quotation of his own words from the report of them in *The Observer*, with a narration of such circumstances attending his tour through this country as illustrated the pro-slavery *animus* of that speech. These things—since they illustrate the very important class of facts referred to in the commencement of this article—are worth rehearsing now.

Dr. Waddington came to this country to ask a contribution of funds towards the building of a church for him to preach in. He soon found that the money was mainly in the hands of pro-slavery men, and that, to get access to it, he must have the confidence and the commendation of clergymen, and others in public life, well known to bear that character. He put himself in communication with *The Observer*, and obtained the endorsement of its Editor in this city; and in Boston a letter was published strongly commending him, signed by Rev. George W. Blagden of the Old South Church, and by George Lunt, Esq., Editor of *The Courier;* names amply sufficient to insure him the confidence of any slaveholder in the South, pious or impious, and of any pro-slavery man in the North. After gaining a round sum through the influence of these backers, just on the eve of his departure for England he attended the annual meeting of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions in Philadelphia.

To understand the full significance of the language used by Dr. Waddington in this meeting—the aggravated wickedness of such language, used at a moment so critical, by an English clergyman who at home pretends to be an Abolitionist—our readers must have in mind these circumstances in the position of the Board:

1. From the beginning, they have allowed slaveholders in their Cherokee and Choctaw Churches.

2. They expressly admit that they "have given no instructions to the missionaries in relation to slavery," even after they found that those missionaries admitted slaveholders to their Churches, and were determined to persist in so doing.

3. They have disregarded the requests of numerous petitioners who, at almost every annual meeting from 1840 to 1855, besought them to break off this direct complicity with slavery.

4. By a unanimous vote, they rejected a resolution offered in 1848 by one of their members, affirming, as the judgment of the Board, that slaveholding "*is not to be allowed in the Christian Church.*"

5. After having allowed slavery in the Choctaw mission from its very commencement, disregarding the numerous requests, above referred to, for its exclusion, in 1859 they discontinued (not the support of slavery in the Churches of that mission, but) the Choctaw mission itself; and their expressed reason for this discontinuance was (not any objection to the church-membership of slaveholders on the part of the Board, but) "the *difficulties* which have grown out of its operations in the Indian Territory": and again—"the *embarrassments* connected with the missionary work among the Choctaws."—*See* 50th *Ann. Rep.*, 1859, *p.* 145.

6. They continue to support the equally pro-slavery Cherokee mission, without any rebuke to its slaveholding church-members, without any removal of the missionaries who shelter slavery in the Church and declare their purpose still to do so, *and without any "instructions" to the missionaries to act differently.*

Such has been, and is at this moment, the position of the Board—a position rendered yet more critical by the fact that most of the remonstrants, discouraged by the constant persistence of the Board in their pro-slavery policy, have now ceased to petition, and have left to Dr. Cheever and a very few zealous coadjutors (too few to be called a minority of the Society) the momentously important duty of making an annual protest.

With this must also be considered the yet more disgraceful fact, that *The Independent*, and those other religious papers (purporting to be reformatory) which, like it, made a great ado about the complicity of the National Tract Society with slavery, have thoroughly and steadily supported the Board, representing it to be perfectly right on the subject of slavery, and urging continued and enlarged contributions to its funds; and that Dr. Joseph P. Thompson and Dr. Leonard Bacon have acted vigorously in this work as individuals, as well as in their editorial capacity.

These things being so, an annual meeting of the Board was held in the city of Philadelphia, commencing Oct. 4th, 1859, in which it was announced that the Choctaw mission, instead of being purged from its slavery, had been discontinued. For this strange proceeding no reasons were given by the Prudential Committee *in the meeting*, though the reasons (!) above specified afterwards appeared in the annual report.

This action of the Prudential Committee was referred to a Special Committee, which made a report, and also a minority report.

Rev. Dr. George B. Cheever, seeing that neither of these reports took anti-slavery ground, offered a substitute for both; he said that the *sinfulness* of slaveholding was *the* great question; that he was opposed to giving up this mission; and that he wished the Board to hold on to it, and to *put away slavery* from the Churches connected with it. His substitute was—

"That in the opinion of the Board the holding of slaves should be pronounced an immorality, inconsistent with membership in any Christian Church, and that it should be required that these missionary Churches should immediately put away from them this sin, and should cease to sanction it even in appearance."

Dr. Leonard Bacon of New Haven (senior editor of *The Independent*) strongly objected to this substitute, *deprecating agitation* in the most earnest manner.

Dr. Cheever's substitute was laid on the table "by a *unanimous* vote."

This was the meeting in which Dr. Waddington of London spoke. We are now prepared to consider what he said, and the particular point of time at which he said it.

Rev. Henry T. Cheever (brother of G. B. Cheever) had spoken, saying that the Board should take such a position in regard to the evangelization and deliverance of the African race and its enslaved members, especially in the United States, as should satisfy Christian Abolitionists, and obtain their more liberal contributions.

Just at this period, when an English clergyman might so effectively have echoed and enforced the mention thus made of slavery, Dr. Waddington spoke. These are his words, as reported in his favorite paper, *The Observer*. After some preliminary remarks, he said:

"There were some who differed on many points of little importance, and many on the question of slavery. He was a friend of the slave, and would be ashamed of himself and of his country—the country of Clarkson, Wilberforce, Macaulay and Brougham—if he did not make his testimony public. His policy, however, as a friend of the mission work, was to go heart and hand for the Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ. We must go thoroughly into the work, *without any side issues* to distract or disturb. In the mission societies *our only feelings in favor of abolitionism* should be feelings in favor of abolishing the kingdom of Satan, and establishing that of the Savior."

Such is the report of *The Observer*. To show that the spirit and scope of his remarks is here correctly represented, we quote the statement of two other papers, the first pro-slavery, the second half-and-half, like *The Independent*.

The Vermont Chronicle said of Dr. Waddington's speech:

"He referred to the question of slavery which had just been introduced by a speaker, and cautioned the Board carefully to avoid all side issues, to go straight forward in doing their great work, and they would be successful."

The (Boston) *Congregationalist's* special reporter said:

"In allusion to Mr. Cheever's reference to slavery, he hoped that this great marshalled host was *not to be divided on this question, but rather would go on with its noble work.*"

When Dr Waddington got back to London, British Christians naturally asked an explanation of this deliberate throwing of his influence on the side of slavery in the meeting of the American Board. His reply, dated November 17th, and published in the (London) *Morning Star* of November 18th, contains these three statements, each of them containing something absolutely false.

"1. From the first moment to the last—to all parties and *in all places* in America—I avowed my strong convictions on the *sin* of slavery."

"2. At Philadelphia *I took no part in the discussion*, but at the request of the meeting I gave utterance to fraternal sentiments, in anticipation of my return to England."

"3. The American Board of Missions, at this meeting in Philadelphia, relinquished their mission *amongst the Cherokees*, BECAUSE OF THE CONNECTION OF SOME OF THEIR CHURCHES WITH SLAVERY."

What can exceed the mendacious hardihood of these statements?

As to the first, even if he had stigmatized slaveholding as a sin in any other place or all other places, (neither of which we have the slightest reason to believe), he certainly did *not* so speak of it in the one place where it was *most* imperatively demanded by his duty to God, to the slave, to the few hearty opposers of slavery in that meeting of the American Board, and to the pro-slavery clergymen who controlled the proceedings of that meeting.

As to the second, he not only *did* take part in the discussion on slavery, but helped, actively and zealously helped, to defeat the anti-slavery course urged by Mr. Cheever.

As to the third—even if we charitably suppose his statement of the discontinuance of the Cherokee mission instead of the Choctaw to have been a mere blunder—his alleged reason for the discontinuance is an absolute falsehood. The Prudential Committee gave no such reason, but expressly affirm a very different reason. The Prudential Committee is composed of just such men as the Editor of *The Observer*, absolutely and thoroughly pro-slavery. And the Cherokee mission, which they retain, is as thoroughly committed to slavery as the Choctaw mission which they discontinued.

Under these circumstances it is very plain, alike of the Editors of *The Independent* and of Dr. Waddington, that they have not scrupled to use deceit in excusing their profligate course in regard to slavery.

We have alluded above to the fact, which British Abolitionists must soon have forced upon their notice, that a certain proportion, of *their* clergy are disposed to fraternize with the pro-slavery clergy of this country in the very policy which Dr. Bacon urged at the Missionary meeting, of *deprecating and discouraging agitation!* They may make this important distinction at this very moment, by observing what English clergymen try to prevent exposure, in public meetings, of the intensely pro-slavery character, life and conversation, of Rev. Nicholas Murray, a Presbyterian clergyman of Elizabeth, New Jersey, now travelling in Great Britain as the special correspondent of the *New York Observer*, and particularly engaged to obtain for it accounts of the Irish revival. Now is the time for English and Irish Christians to show, by their works, that *their* Christianity does not fraternize with slavery.

The attempt of *The Independent* to impeach the intelligence of the Rev. Mr. Batchelor, as exhibited in his exposition of Dr. Cheever's relations to the slavery question and to the American Church, will, we are confident, rather injure than benefit Dr. Waddington. The editors say: "Mr. Batchelor has simply made himself the butt of all well-informed persons in this country who have chanced to see his effusion." To this we have only to reply, that Dr. Batchelor's "effusion" was so accurate in all its essential features, and so full of truth, that *The Independent* never dared to print it, and it has immunity before its readers for its brazen falsehoods respecting it, simply because the great body of them were never permitted to see it. The only point on which *The Independent*, in its assault upon Mr. Batchelor, ventures to be specific relates to what that gentleman said of the course of the American clergy in relation to the Fugitive Slave law. Mr. Batchelor's words were these: "This nefarious measure was received by the majority of the clergy in guilty silence, and by not a few with more guilty acquiescence." This, *The Independent* has the brazen effrontery to say, shows Mr. Batchelor's "ignorance" of the matter! It is impossible to characterize as it deserves this attempt of that journal to impeach Mr. Waddington's intelligence without charging it with wilful, deliberate lying. *The Independent* knows, as every intelligent man in this country knows, that Dr. Waddington's statement, so far from being exaggerated, falls short of the truth. We assert, without fear of contradiction, that the number of Protestant clergymen in the free States who preached against the Fugitive Slave law was not one in ten, nor even one in twenty, of the whole number. Let *The Independent* venture to impeach this statement if it dare. It cannot do so without making itself "the butt of all well-informed persons in this country."

THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION.

THE adjourned National Democratic Convention, held last week in Baltimore, instead of healing the divisions developed at Charleston, split into two hostile factions, each presenting its candidates for President and Vice-President of the United States. The division, as our readers will have learned from other sources, was upon the relations of the National Government to slavery in the Territories; the great majority of the party at the North taking their stand upon the non-intervention doctrine of Senator Douglas, and the great majority at the South claiming legislative and executive protection for slave property. The line of division is substantially the line of Mason and Dixon, though the Northern or Douglas faction has its partisans at the South, and the anti-Douglas faction its supporters at the North. The delegates from New York, holding the balance of power between the factions, plied all their arts to prevent a split and secure the nomination for President of ex-Governor Seymour; but the friends of Douglas in the North-west adhered to him with such pertinacity as to defeat every project of conciliation and compel the great majority of the Southern delegates to withdraw. The South demanded that the Southern delegates who seceded at Charleston should be allowed to resume their seats at Baltimore, but the friends of Douglas resisted this demand, and the New York Softs, after long hesitation, united with them in voting it down. The majority of the Southern delegates thereupon seceded, Caleb Cushing, President of the Convention, with a few others from the North, going with them. Those that remained, including a few Southern men led by Soulé of Louisiana, thereupon nominated Stephen Arnold Douglas for President, and Benjamin Fitzpatrick, late Governor of Alabama and now U. S. Senator from that State, for Vice-President. The Seceders (Caleb Cushing presiding) nominated for President John C. Breckinridge of Kentucky, and for Vice-President, Joseph Lane of Oregon. Mr. Fitzpatrick having declined the nomination for Vice-President on the Douglas ticket, the National Democratic Committee filled the vacancy by the nomination of Herschel V. Johnson of Georgia.

There are now in the field, therefore, four separate tickets, as follows:

Republican.
For President.....ABRAHAM LINCOLN, of Illinois.
For Vice-President..HANNIBAL HAMLIN, of Maine.

Douglas Democratic.
For President.....STEPHEN ARNOLD DOUGLAS, of Illinois.
For Vice President..HERSCHEL V. JOHNSON, of Georgia.

Anti-Douglas Democratic.
For President.....JOHN C. BRECKINRIDGE, of Kentucky.
For Vice-President..JOSEPH LANE, of Oregon.

Whig-Old Folks' Ticket.
For President.....JOHN BELL, of Tennessee.
For Vice-President..EDWARD EVERETT, of Massachusetts.

In addition to these should be mentioned the name of SAM HOUSTON, who is running as an independent candidate for President in Texas, with no mean chance of securing the electoral votes of that State.

It seems probable now that the division of the Democratic party will operate to give the Republicans an easy victory, but the aspect of things may change as the election approaches. The Administration at Washington will throw its whole influence in favor of Breckinridge and Lane, and it is by no means improbable that each of the Democratic factions will run a separate electoral ticket in every Northern State. How far the friends of Douglas at the South are likely to succeed in making a stand against Breckinridge and Lane, we cannot now say; but the Democratic division there may have the effect to give the votes of Maryland, Virginia, Kentucky and Tennessee to Bell and Everett. The opponents of the Republican party only hope that, by some means, an election by the people may be defeated, and the question thus go to the U. S. House of Representatives, where, it is supposed, owing to the peculiar division of parties, no choice can be effected, and that then the duties of President will devolve upon a Vice-President, to be chosen by the Senate. The Senate, it is supposed, would in that case elect Joseph Lane of Oregon; it would *not*, at any rate, choose the Republican candidate.

The disruption of the Democratic party affords us a text on which, perhaps, we shall have something to say hereafter.

ITALIAN AND AMERICAN LIBERTY.—*The Independent* publishes the following extract of a private letter from Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe:

"Liberty! Americans have forgotten what the word means. Pampered children of prosperity, with both hands full of opportunity, and none to hinder the fullest use of it!—they know nothing what liberty or slavery means! Only the Africans of the South are learning in a hard school to be patriots and heroes—learning in bitter sighings and endless longings how fair is Freedom!

"The earthquake that shakes Austria and Italy and France is under America also!—the ground trembles there also with the approaching footsteps of the great Deliverer, who shall save the poor and needy, and precious shall their blood be in his sight. Blood of Roman peasant or African slave is alike the blood of Christ's child, and for every drop will he reckon. America has reared one man in these degenerate days whose name burns as a coal on foreign lips. Speak of John Brown to a Frenchman or Italian, and he says, 'That noble man, that hero!' They can understand how a man should give his life for a hopeless cause, for they have lists of noble names that have done the same, and it is only when liberty and honor are dearer than life that nations are worthy to be free."

DOUGLAS DEMOCRACY.—The following extract from a well-known speech by Senator Douglas ought to be read at all Fourth of July celebrations next week:

"No man can vindicate the character, the motives, and the conduct of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, except upon the hypothesis that they referred to the white race alone, and not to the African, when they declared all men to have been created free and equal—that they were speaking of British subjects on this continent being equal to British subjects born and residing in Great Britain—that they were entitled to the same inalienable rights, and among them were enumerated life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. The Declaration of Independence was adopted merely for the purpose of justifying the colonists in the eyes of the civilized world in withdrawing their allegiance from the British crown, and dissolving their connection with the mother country."

If there is any truth in "spirit manifestations," surely we may expect that the ghost of Jefferson will perpetually haunt the Illinois Senator for this attempt to displace the corner-stone of Democracy.

WHAT DOES IT MEAN?—The following resolution is said to have been adopted by the General (Congregational) Association of Connecticut, held last week:

"Resolved, That the responsibility of a longer continuance of slavery in the United States rests mainly with Christian Churches and ministers, and that the Church Anti-Slavery Society, which seems to have arisen from this deep conviction, should have the earnest cooperation of the friends of freedom and Christianity in its honest attempt to array the Churches against slavery, and to procure from them an expression of Christian abhorrence of slaveholding."

The Church Anti-Slavery Society has hitherto met with no favor among the leaders of Congregationalism in New England, to whom its doctrine of the inherent sinfulness of slaveholding is a very bitter pill. The passage of such a resolution, therefore, by the General Association of Connecticut is a hopeful sign of the times. Are the Orthodox Churches of New England indeed about to break away from the control of the Bacons, Thompsons and Kirks, who have so long held them back from all earnest anti-slavery action by the miserable pretence that slavery, though exceedingly bad *as a system*, is not *malum in se*, but, when properly mixed with pleas of evangelical piety and good intentions toward the slave, worthy of being baptized in the name of Christ? Is the orthodox piety of New England, impatient of the influences which have so long kept it in direct complicity with slavery, about to plant itself on the ground occupied by Dr. Cheever, and to repudiate the miserable sophistries of *The Independent, The Congregationalist, The Christian Mirror, The Congregational Journal* and *The Vermont Chronicle?* We shall see.

THEODORE PARKER'S SOCIETY, says

From our Boston Correspondent.

NO. CCLXXI.

THE ARGUMENT.—The Corre-pondent is learned as to the Democratic Nominations—The Japanese—And divers other matters concerning which the reader will be enlightened after reading the same, &c. &c. &c.

BOSTON, June 25th, 1860.

AND so they have actually nominated Douglas at Baltimore! I find it hard to make up my mind to so strange a belief. By what miraculous process of ossification is it that such a beginning of a backbone should have developed itself under the hardened hide of Northern Democracy? Can we hope that it can ever grow up and solidify into a spinal column, enabling it to stand by itself without a negro-driver to lean on? I know that Milton talks about harmony that could "create a soul under the ribs of death," but I do not recollect a case of discord having the power of vertebrating an invertebrate creature, before. I think that it must be only in the gristle as yet, and that the osseous formation cannot have been completed so soon. Let us hope that it may, and afford some future Darwin materials to illustrate a yet embryo Theory of the Formation of Political Species. It is certainly the nearest thing to creation that the natural history of parties has ever yet evolved. In fact, the idea of a Democratic party that does not live and move and have its being in a Southern atmosphere—of which slavery is not the breath of its nostrils—is monstrous, incongruous, a solecism in nature, an anomaly in politics, which the human mind has not been trained to take in. The possibility of there being anything which the slaveholders could present to the Democratic snout that would not be gobbled down with an appetite that grew on what it fed on, is one of those marvels which pass the understanding of man, and can only be received after use has made it familiar to us. It does not seem possible that it should last. But even as it is, it seems to me one of the most hopeful signs of the times.

To be sure, Mr. Douglas has done more than it had ever entered even into a Democratic heart to conceive for the interests of slavery. He had outrun all former outrunnings, and bowed lower than any former bowings-down, and thought he had won the slaveholding heart forever. He had opened all the Territories to slavery to enter in and possess them, and pulled down all the bars that had been put up of old time to keep it out of them. He is the most furiously pro-slavery candidate that has ever been set up since the invention of the Presidency. Nobody ever came near him. But there was a lower deep yawning in the lowest depth to which his servility had sunk which he shrunk from plunging into. He would not say that the Territories should have slavery imposed upon them by the strong arm of the Government, against their will. He refused to recognize the Eminent Domain of Slavery, and he was cast out by the slaveholding Rabbies as the offscouring of all things, and formally excommunicated by the Head of the Democratic Church as fit only to be given over to be buffeted. I cannot think that he would not have been capable of leaping into this Curtian gulf for the salvation of his country, had he not been withheld by his Democratic partisans at the North. They saw, or thought they saw, that he would inevitably drag them after him into that abyss of Opposition, in which there would be no more custom-houses, nor post-offices, nor anything else that their souls loved. It is the fact that there was a point beyond which the mass of Northern Democrats refused to go, and for which point he stood, that gives this nomination its importance. It really looks now as if—should the Supreme Court decide, as it will if it have a chance, that no State has ever had any constitutional authority to abolish slavery at all, and that Mr. Toombs has a perfect right to call the roll of his slaves at the foot of Bunker Hill Monument—as if in this case there would be found even Democrats to resist it. It is a kind of successful Harper's Ferry insurrection of the white slaves, and has certainly an ugly look. But what an illustration it is of the state of affairs in the country, that Abolitionists should look upon the nomination of such a man as Douglas as a good sign!

By the way, I am afraid that these two paragraphs are rather *preachy*, and better adapted to your editorial pulpit than to the whispering gallery assigned to us humble correspondents. I take it you don't care two chips what any of our opinions may be on any subject whatever. You only want us to tell some new thing that may tickle the diaphragms of your readers. But I have absolutely nothing of the sort to tell. If we had had the Japanese here for a week, as you have, you may be sure I should have had plenty to say. I wonder whether you have had any finger in the humble pie that has been cooked for our eating. It is no wonder that all of you dread having the Ambassadors come to Boston, as we should have won the whole of the trade away from you, which you hope now to monopolize. However, we comfort ourselves by thinking that, if we had the humble pie to eat, we shall not have to pay for it. I do not see how President Buchanan can answer for it to his pastor, the Rev. Dr. Sunderland (I believe), and to the evangelical community generally, that all attempts to convert these visitors from the Islands of the Sea to Christianity have been prohibited. Who knows what an opportunity may have been lost for introducing civilization into those benighted regions? It is possible that we might have succeeded in laying there the Corner-Stone of Republican Institutions; for, I believe, though they have an excellent system of caste, by means of which the laboring classes are confined to the occupations pursued by their fathers, still they are not the chattels personal to all intents and purposes whatsoever, of the stronger classes. Now, the American Board might recommend itself and its missionaries to this highly intelligent and most imitative people, by proving to them that one main object of the Christianity they export is to maintain our own system of caste at home, and also how much better and more profitable it is than their own. They might thus recommend our religion to the favorable consideration of the Japanese, and our wooden nutmegs and other secular notions would naturally follow in its train. The way in which they have been treated in the streets of Baltimore and Philadelphia, and in the hotels, must predispose them to receive favorably whatever has made the American people so orderly and well-behaved, their own good-breeding and refinement of manners showing how entirely competent they are to form an opinion on the subject. What a funny book they will write about us when they get home! I only trust it will get a faithful translator.

And it just occurs to me, as one incidental advantage of the intercourse newly opened between the Oriental and Occidental nations, that perhaps the Japanese may be induced to form a J. B. C. F. M., which shall send missionaries to convert us to their own well-mannered and cleanly behaviors. Of course, we need have no apprehension of their interfering with our slavery. Chancellor Walworth and the Rev. Dr. Taylor would just as soon meddle with their polygamy, lest it should hinder the introduction of the Gospel. And as they would make our own Board their great exemplar, they never could deviate so far from the line of action prescribed to them as to molest any sins analogous to those they incline to themselves. Some inconsiderate writers have expressed the hope that the intercourse between this country and Japan might result in the abolition of caste in the latter nation! As if the same extravagance might not be extended to a hope that it might result in the abolition of caste in our own! A proposition worthy of nothing but contempt and execration, as treasonable towards the very most fundamental institutions of our country. This being out of the question, if a Japanese missionary could convert us from the errors of our ways, and lead us into their own customs of cleanliness and personal politeness, we should readily admit the reciprocal advantages of the treaty which should make it possible. And if they could introduce their own point of honor and the way of settling difficulties arising under it, I should think the result might be most beneficial. If, whenever a man of punctilious sensitiveness of honor should feel that he is injured in that vital point, he should aim his bowie-knife at his own bowels instead of those of his antagonist, it strikes me it would be a great improvement upon the present cowardly system of street-fighting, in which all possible advantage is taken of the enemy. If in Congress, for example, whenever a slaveholding member should feel himself aggrieved by some miscreant of a Lovejoy or a Sumner, he should rise in his place and patriotically plunge the bowie-knife into his own body, who can affirm that the body-politic would not be all the better for the patriotic phlebotomy? For I apprehend that the Republican side would accept the challenge to do likewise, only as Mr. Punch accepted that of Mr. Heenan to Tom Sayers, to jump off the top of a house together, with the polite understanding that he should allow the distinguished stranger to jump off first.

But let us leave these philanthropic reveries and return once more to our muttons—by which endearing appellation I intend our Democrats. They seem to have divided pretty fairly according to the natural lines of parties, the Ins going with the Administration against Douglas, and the Outs generally going with him. I looked with some concern this morning to see what course *The Boston Post* would take, as it holds one of the best offices under Government here—that of naval officer, I believe—precisely one of those I am best qualified to fill myself, of which the pay is good and the duty light. I was concerned lest he should injure his usefulness by accepting the regular nomination and simultaneously losing his official head. But I was relieved at once by seeing the names of Breckinridge and the other man, whose name I don't remember, standing in the post of honor. That was a good thing Mr. Dean Richmond, of your State, said of Dr. George B. Loring's speech, that "it was a *Massa* but not a *Massachusetts* speech!" And the slaveholder who made the commentary upon it that it meant the Boston Custom-house, also showed a very keen insight in the natural history of the parasites that infest public offices. He has certainly shown his title clear to that blissful mansion, if Mr. Breckinridge should come in. But the most affecting example of Christian magnanimity shown at Baltimore was that of Mr. Hallett. I told you how this much-injured patriot was evilly entreated by Mr. Buchanan, and how, when his commission as District Attorney here was offered to him for his signature, he tore it across, exclaiming, "He's a d—d Yankee, and he shan't have it!" And yet this suffering saint was found laboring in the vocation appointed by his cruel persecutor. I think, after this, no one can question his Christian character, or deny his fitness to be one of the Vestry of St. Paul's Church, as I believe he is.

The services in memory of Mr. Parker yesterday week, in the Music Hall, were most impressive and touching. The crowd was beyond the possibilities of the vast room. Multitudes went away—perhaps more than found place. I presume you will give your readers the addresses made on the occasion, so it is unnecessary for me to say anything about them, were I competent to do it fitly. His splendid bequest to the city of his library will be forever a most fitting monument to his memory. I wonder whether Mr. Everett will make it the occasion of one of his multitudinous speeches. I presume it is the most valuable gift of the kind ever given to a public institution by a private man in this country. Had it been Mr. Prescott or Mr. Irving what a *sling-whanging* there would have been about it. D. Y.

Our Washington Correspondence.

WASHINGTON, June 25, 1860.

You will remember that, last fall, during the excitement consequent upon the John Brown tragedy, Dr. Breed of this city was put under bonds in the sum of $2,000 to keep the peace for alleged "dangerous language" on the slavery question. He was bound over on the testimony of one Van Camp, a gentleman who swore to things on that trial which seemed to be very improbable. At any rate his conduct was such throughout the affair that the anti-slavery men here determined to watch, especially as it was known that he had a gigantic claim before Congress. It was repeatedly remarked that if his claim was at all like his conduct in the Breed affair, it should never pass Congress. I am told that the claim is made upon the following grounds: Van Camp was a Consul in some one of the little South American ports. As Consul he had power to declare ships to be unseaworthy when they came into his port, and sell them at auction. It was alleged that he made this *his business*, and that large numbers of vessels were condemned in the port, and bought in by a partner of Van Camp's for a mere trifle, there being no competition against the bidders, and that enormous profits were realized by these transactions. These things are alleged, I hear, but may not be true. But stories coming to the Administration, Van Camp was dismissed and a new Consul was sent out with full power not only to take his place but to *restore this ship property, so far as possible, to the original owners.* Van Camp came home and, it is said, on *ex parte* testimony, got judgment against the new Consul for his act in taking away this property, but as said Consul had no property to bring judgment on, Van Camp *asked Congress to foot the bill!* At the Department it is contended that if the claim were allowed by Congress it would take from one to two hundred thousand dollars to satisfy it! But Congress has done no such thing. It came up in the House two or three days since, and under circumstances which precluded any discussion. A large majority of the members, therefore, could not examine into the merits of the case, and were obliged to vote one way or another without the facts before them. I know that a large number of Republicans, in this state of the case, remembering Van Camp's agency in the Dr. Breed outrage, concluded that it was quite safe to vote against the bill, and *it was defeated.* But I am sorry to say that there were Republican members who not only voted for it, but who were so actively engaged in crowding it through the House as to justify the suspicion that they were interested in it—Ely, of the State of New York, was conspicuous in this work, and could not have exhibited more excitement if his life had been in danger. I know that more than one member of the House felt mortified by his apparent eagerness to get the job through. Such men will yet ruin the Republican party, as it came very near being ruined by the New York Legislature last winter.

Poor James Buchanan! Nobody defends him—everybody kicks him. I was forcibly reminded of this a few minutes since when my eye fell upon a speech delivered a week ago in the House by Mr. Loomis of Connecticut. Among other things he says:

"How different is the James Buchanan, President in 1860, from the James Buchanan, Senator in 1828! In 1828, on the floor of the Senate, he truly said: 'It is a maxim of despots, that the people should never inquire into the concerns of government. Those who have enslaved mankind, from Cæsar to Bonaparte, have always endeavored, by presenting them with amusement, and by every other means in their power, to attract the attention of the people from the conduct of their rulers. * * * If the government has been administered upon correct principles, an intelligent people will do justice to their rulers. If not, they will take care that every abuse shall be corrected.'

"The present Executive has been distinguished for his hostility to the will, the wishes, and the best interests of the people. And the people will everywhere most heartily reciprocate this hostility. The handwriting has already appeared on the wall, announcing that the present Administration has been weighed in the balance, and found wanting, and that the days of its reign are numbered. It has now nothing to do but to make its last will and testament. And, having nothing valuable to dispose of, not even good will or a good name, I recommend to the President to copy, for this purpose, the last will and testament of Rabelais, which reads as follows: 'I owe much, I possess nothing. I give the rest to the poor.'

"And if a funeral sermon should be required on the occasion of the official demise of the present Administration, I know of nothing more appropriate than that which a Buckeye clergyman preached at the funeral of one that had been much despised. Said he: 'I have been begged, importuned, and entreated, to preach this sermon, but I don't want to do it. I never did like the man. I never knew nothing good of him. He had horses, and he ran them; he had cocks, and he fit them; he once had money, but he gambled it all away; he had friends, but made them all his enemies. The bearers will please remove the body, and we will sing the following hymn:

"'With rapture we delight to see
The cuss removed.'"

This is the way the "old public functionary" is treated in Congress, and, what is a great deal worse, his nominal friends havn't a word to reply! Nobody defends him—almost every man in Congress would be ashamed to do it, and so he gets kicks and cuffs without number.

The week just closed has been a very busy one in Congress, and the public business has been very rapidly considered. The so-called democratic Senate, but really the *aristocratic* Senate, has succeeded, as usual, in browbeating the House and forcing it to recede from its position against the Senate amendments. The President has vetoed the Homestead bill as it came from the hands of a Conference Committee. It is said that this was the plan, well understood by Southern democrats, from the beginning. Hence they voted for the Conference bill, to take the issue away from the Republicans in the Presidential canvass, expecting all the time a veto by Mr. Buchanan, who has so few friends that his veto can hurt or help no party.

There is deep excitement here over the final result of the Baltimore Conventions. The seceders have played a clever game, and their ticket is a very strong one in the slave States. Lane will make something of a run in Indiana, and Breckinridge will get votes enough in Pennsylvania and New Jersey to give both of these States to Lincoln. The contest lies really between Lincoln and Jo Lane for President. If Lincoln is not elected by the people, it goes to the House of Representatives. Neither Republicans nor Americans can command a majority (voting by States) there. The Douglas and anti-Douglas men cannot agree there. The Senate will then have to take up the Vice-Presidential candidates and select a presiding officer from them. Lane will be the man, for he only can be elected in the Senate, and, of course, he becomes the acting President.

I have a few more things to say in another letter respecting this Congress in its first session, and then this series will have closed. AVON.

Our European Correspondence.

LETTERS FROM PARIS....No. XIX.

PARIS, May 31, 1860.

WE are watching here the shadow of coming events, not only in Italy, where Garibaldi triumphantly struggles against the army of Ferdinand of Naples, but in Germany also. The annexation of Savoy and Nice has given to some people an appetite for other and more valuable conquests, and the silent acquiescence of Europe before this first encroachment of the French Emperor may well inspire him with a desire of trying Europe on some new question. To a Machiavellic mind, accustomed almost from infancy to conspiracy, what a magnificent field is Germany, cut into a hundred pieces, and divided among thirty-two sovereign families! To excite Prussia against her rival, Austria; to revive Austria's anger against Prussia for having refused her support during the Italian campaign; to make promises of protection to the sovereigns of the little States, always afraid of the future; to revive the ancient scheme of the Confederation of the Rhine, protected by France; to offer to Prussia to play in Germany the part Piedmont played in Italy; to foment intrigue in the provinces which belonged to France under the first Napoleon; all this is very exciting work, and must seem very suitable to the conspirator of the 2d December. What could be clearer than this? Piedmont has annexed Tuscany, the Romagna, Parma, and Modena; France, alarmed at this great extension of territory, thought it prudent, for her own safety, to claim Savoy and Nice from the party which had gained so much in Italy. Let us now suppose that Prussia would untie the bonds which fasten her to the great German confederation, and seize upon Hanover, Oldenburgh, Hesse; how alarmed the French Emperor would feel this time! He would say, "Take of, take all those provinces; but give me, give me something. Every time another power is increased, I am bound, for my own safety, to claim an aggrandisement for myself." And what would be more natural, then, than the annexation of Rhenish Prussia, Rhenish Bavaria, and Belgium? Nobody but the most unjust could object to such an agreement—people who don't understand their epoch; especially as, in the provinces thus annexed, and under the protection of French bayonets, universal suffrage would give as splendid a result as it did in Nice and Savoy. There are, indeed, a few objections to this magnificent plan! Piedmont has annexed Tuscany and the Duchies, because the necessities of a common war against Austria obliged all Italians to keep together. In Germany there is no foreign enemy to drive out; the only enemy would be the sovereign who should interfere with the interior affairs of the Confederation. The annexations in Italy have been made in time of war, when the Dukes were driven out by their own people; in Germany, in a time of peace, it would be impossible for Prussia to put her grasping hand on any neighbor's possessions; Victor Emanuel himself would not have done such a thing before the war broke out, and the Princes, faithful to Austria, were driven away. Prussia is tied to the other German Princes by the solemn law of a Confederation; they would have to fight for her, if she was menaced by an enemy. How could Prussia, therefore, without violating the most solemn contract and the very laws of common honesty, think of robbing confederates from their possessions. In Italy, Victor Emanuel was bound by no contract with the Dukes of Modena, Parma, and Messina, who were his professed enemies. But the most powerful argument in my comparison is this: France has fought in Italy in order *not* to help a nationality, if her Emperor intended only to obtain an exchange, in Germany, for the new possessions he gave to his ally. Any plan which would have for its object the annexation of the Rhenish provinces to France, would be an attack against a nationality far more important and far more worthy of regret than the Italian nationality. The glory of Italy is in the past; it is with Dante, Raphael, Michael Angelo: the glory of Germany is alive; it is with Goethe, with Schiller, with Kant, with Hegel, with Humboldt. Germany might almost be called the brain of the world, for there are now studied more profoundly than anywhere else the religious, philosophical, esthetical problems of our epoch. He who would imagine that there is no German nation, because the Germany territory is cut up in the most fantastic way, would make a strange mistake. This very political division creates a longing for unity; thoughts know no barriers, no limits. The German heart and the German mind are the same on the shores of the Northern seas and on the high mountains of the South; wherever the *lieder* of Uhland are sung, wherever the tragedies of Schiller are played, wherever resounds the music of Beethoven before a moved assembly, there is but one common feeling—a strong belief in the greatness of the German culture, a common consciousness of its importance to the history of the world. The moral state of a people cannot be entirely judged by its political one, for if we followed that rule we should be very much embarrassed, for instance, to determine the place of France, which has had successively governments of all sorts, and must nevertheless have been much the same through all these changes. The American form of government is probably one of the most perfect that exists; but who would present America as a model to the world, as long as the horrible institution of slavery makes the State and the Church equally contemptible? We may, therefore, laugh at the antiquated forms of the German political machinery, at the interminable discussions of the Diet; we may shrug our shoulders before the pretensions of those petty princes whose income is hardly equal to that of an ordinary merchant of the city of New York; we may deplore those divisions between Austria and Prussia which deprive the German Confederation of power and influence in the affairs of Europe; but let us not forget that under all this there is in Germany one great people, who, by its nature, less inclined to revolution and wars than the Latin races, has nevertheless a strong sense of nationality. Before a foreign enemy all divisions would come to an end, and the great effort which marked the last years of the first French empire would be renewed. If the sovereign of Prussia, following the example of Victor Emanuel, should sell some of the German territories in order to acquire new ones, he would be cursed by every German, and the very suspicion of such an act would deprive him of all popularity, which is his chief force. But nothing of the kind is to be feared. The Prince Regent, who governs during the illness of the King, is an honest man, a thorough Prussian; he has shut his ears to the flatteries and the insinuations of the French sovereign; he has made, a few days ago, a solemn declaration that he would never give up any portion of the German territory. That declaration will considerably increase his influence in Germany. At a moment when public opinion is so powerful, and is so easily influenced by any appeal made to it, it was full time a representative of the German race should speak to it. The French Emperor never loses a chance to make magnificent declarations to the world. Till now, he has been left to speak alone; and if it can be said proverbially that the absent are in the wrong, it can be said, too, of the silent. Were there only a sovereign bold enough to appeal to Europe and to the people at large, and to give an open expression to the feelings of honesty, of public faith, of just national pride which the policy of the 2d of December has almost everywhere wounded, he would win to himself a real force, and the prestige of this audacious actor, who is now all alone on the stage, would soon be diminished. It will not be Lord Palmerston, not even Lord John Russell, who will assume such a task. The Prince of Prussia has begun it, notwithstanding the interested adulations of Russia to France and her menace to Germany, in spite of the weak policy of England and of the uncertain support of Austria.

Meanwhile the opposition is not surrendering in France. There are some people left who care still as much for France—its liberties, its prosperity, its finances, its moral character—as for Savoy and the provinces of the Rhine; and would prefer to give her new institutions, instead of new limits. The daily press being entirely shut up to them and placed under the policy of the Administration, they have founded an association for the publication of little pamphlets. The first published was by M. Albert de Broglie, the son of the venerable Duke de Broglie; the second is creating much sensation. It is called "The Ancient Parties," and is written by Prevost Paradol, formerly editor of the *Journal des Debats*. It is an appeal to all the men belonging to the ancient parties, to form one party which shall, independently of dynasty or even form of government, claim a liberal constitution. The people who serve the imperial despotism have all belonged formerly to the Republican, Legitimist, or Orleanist party, for there were hardly any Bonapartists in France in 1848. They are now united by the principle of authority. Paradol adjures the Legitimists, Orleanists and Republicans who have not made themselves Imperialists, to unite themselves by the principle of Liberty, and to put all other questions aside till that great question of liberty is settled.

EXTRACTS FROM FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

From a friend in Bristol.

THE accounts received of the Annual Meeting of the American Anti-Slavery Society have interested me deeply. Dr. Cheever's presence and the tone of his remarks was a very encouraging feature; but surely it is but one of a thousand indications of the changed position of the Cause, as regards public opinion, during the last twelve months. THE STANDARD'S summing up of the history of its twenty years of conflict is very skilfully managed and full of instruction. How well Mr. Wendell Phillips adverts to the work the Anti-Slavery Society has done and is doing now in "high places," though without receiving full credit for its victories. I was very much pleased with Mr. Garrison's answer to *The Independent's* accusation of "Infidelity"; it was a fitting companion to Mr. Phillips's vindication. The pamphlet that you are now circulating, "The Reign of Terror in the South," I have been wishing to distribute in this country. Such a set of facts speak volumes, and arrest attention which the general question will not arouse. It always astonishes me that people are so much more affected by these adventitious results of the system of slavery than by the iniquity of the system itself. But so it has been, and will continue, on the ground, I suppose, that the "Anti-Slavery of Feeling" is a hundredfold more common than the "Anti-Slavery of Principle." What an excellent little article on that subject the June *Anti-Slavery Advocate* has copied from *The Bugle*.

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I had lately the pleasure of meeting your countrywoman, Miss Remond, whose missionary work in this country is invaluable. I doubt whether we ever had amongst us a more efficient pleader for the Cause. Miss Remond's identification by complexion with those for whom she appeals, and being herself a victim of the cruel prejudice against color, especially qualify her for this work. Then her clear-sightedness and genuineness, joined with a general acceptableness in society and in private, as well as in her public speeches, and, above all, her entire self-consecration to the work at all costs, all combine to make her the very best advocate of the Cause that we could have in this stage of confused vision and half-waking up of the English people. Miss R., who is now at a Collegiate School in London, told me that there are few days in which she has not some opportunity of presenting the Cause usefully in private circles, although her College occupations prevent her from availing herself of them as fully as she would gladly do. Her heart is quite set on continuing her present anti-slavery efforts amongst us, and accepting invitations to different towns which she had to decline until her College term had expired. Friends want to have a second visit from her wherever she has *once* lectured. She herself is most anxious to have another winter of study.

From a friend in Edinburgh.

We have had great conflicts with Dr. Murray and his associates (we don't know the latter, Leyburn and Stuart, but they are in bad company), and we expect some more battling with them at the great "Reformation" meeting in August. Some audacious person proposed *Gardiner Spring*, as a suitable American person to be invited to that meeting; but there was a check put to that. A letter thereupon appeared in *The Witness*, explaining Dr. Spring's antecedents. And now, from Dr. Spring, through a friend, comes an angry denial of some of the charges.

We have greatly rejoiced in your anniversary meetings. The speeches are indeed splendid, and are read on this side with delight and admiration.

Our *Dublin* correspondent speaks of a recent visit of GEORGE THOMPSON, Esq., to that city. He was in greatly improved health, and was giving some of the profoundest and most eloquent speeches of his life in behalf of the American Anti-Slavery Cause. The writer adds—"His knowledge, his industry, and his systematic comprehension of the whole question are admirable and enviable."

PERSONAL.

Charles Francis Adams is engaged to deliver a Fourth of July oration at Fall River, Mass., on Wednesday next.

The death of G. P. R. James, the English novelist, is announced by the last advices from Europe.

Mrs. Stowe is on her way home from Europe. She is said to be engaged to write another novel for *The Atlantic Monthly*.

Mrs. Paulina W. Davis, who went to Europe last fall for the benefit of her health, is expected to arrive at this port next week. The latest advices give her friends reason to hope that the hygienic effects of the voyage will prove favorable.

Rev. J. H. Manning, junior pastor of the Old South Church, Boston, whose noble speech at the John Brown meeting in that city will be remembered by our readers, is engaged to deliver the Fourth of July Oration at New Bedford, Mass.

The admirers of the late Horace Mann are making special efforts to collect the funds necessary to erect a monument to his memory. The Legislature, it will be remembered, has assigned a place for a bronze statue in the State House yard. From twelve to fifteen thousand dollars will be necessary to complete this work in a manner worthy of the man and the cause. The Committee having the matter in charge has appealed for aid to the teachers of the public schools of the State. A collection of five dollars will entitle a school to an engraved likeness of Mr. Mann, enclosed in a gilt or black walnut frame; and a collection of four dollars to the same likeness without the frame. Communications may be directed to Charles A. Perry, Agent of the Committee, at No. 20 Bromfield street, Boston.

Rev. Samuel Longfellow sails to-day for Europe. He preached his farewell sermon to the congregation (Second Unitarian, Brooklyn) of which for seven years he has been the minister, on Sunday morning last. *The Evening Post* says:

"Many of his former parishioners, now residents of other cities, were present with their families. He took his text from the fifteenth chapter of Deuteronomy, first verse: 'And at the end of seven years ye shall give him a release.' The sermon was an exceedingly able one, being a review of his preaching and ministry, and was so tender and touching towards the close that there was scarce a dry eye in the congregation. We learn it is to be published for more general reading. The whole services were of a very interesting nature, and the pulpit of the church (which is one of the most beautiful buildings in the city) was adorned with bouquets of rare and beautiful flowers, arranged with great taste. Many of the persons present remained after the services to speak with Mr. Longfellow, who is to sail for Europe next Saturday. In the evening the Communion service was held, it being the last service in the church for the next two months."

Mr. Longfellow has ever been faithful in his pulpit to the cause of the slave, and ever ready to plead that cause on the anti-slavery platform. We are sorry he is to be absent from the country at a time when his services were never more needed; but, in his intercourse with the friends of liberty on the other side of the Atlantic, he will have it in his power to do much to promote the abolition of American slavery. His congregation, we understand, are determined not to fill his place, but to await the period of his return, in the hope of then being able to renew the connection now broken.

BOSTON ANTI-SLAVERY OFFICE.—The office of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society has been removed from its old quarters in Cornhill to a new and commodious room at No. 221 Washington street, directly opposite the head of Franklin street. The printing-office of *The Liberator* is also removed to a room in the same building.

All communications for the Boston Anti-Slavery office, or for *The Liberator*, should therefore be addressed hereafter to No. 221 *Washington street*, Boston.

Summary.

The Senate of Alabama has passed a bill appropriating $50,000 toward paying Virginia's bill of costs consequent on the John Brown raid.

Hon. Abraham Lincoln has been presented with a chair made from thirty-three varieties of wood, the handiwork of Mr. J. D. Messe of Osseo, Michigan. The symbol is pretty.

MORE INCENDIARY DOCUMENTS.—The pious slaveholders of Virginia consider Spurgeon's Sermons incendiary documents, and a number of volumes of these were burnt week before last at Mathews Court House, in presence of a crowd of edified spectators.

EMANCIPATION OF SEVENTY-FIVE NEGROES.—Mr. A. Cuthbert, from Georgia, son to a former United States Senator of that State, has recently purchased and settled on a farm about four miles northward of Paterson, New Jersey, bringing with him five negroes to whom he had given liberty. They are the last of seventy-five emancipated by Mr. Cuthbert, the others having been sent to Liberia through the Colonization Society.

SALE OF SLAVES IN NEW ORLEANS.—Seventy-eight slaves were sold in New Orleans on the 9th inst., for $74,720. These slaves averaged forty-six years of age, and brought within a fraction of $1,000 round. Terms cash. Eighty others were sold, ranging from twelve months to fifty-five years, for $1,250 round, on terms equivalent to cash. The highest price paid for field hands was for men ranging from eighteen to twenty-five years, $1,600 to $2,000; women from $1,400 to $1,600. The demand was very great.

EXCITEMENT.—Rev. Mr. Cumming, of the Methodist Episcopal Church (North), in New Market, Shenandoah County, Va., preached a sermon last Sunday, blaming the magistrates for having scratched a negro to be whipped who had insulted a white person. His church held a meeting and condemned his course, at the same time appointing a committee to investigate the allegation that he was forced to quit his church at Greenville, Va., on account of being suspected of abolitionism. There is much excitement in New Market about the affair.—*Norfolk Herald, Virginia.*

PRESENTATION OF AN ADDRESS TO THE HAYTIAN MINISTER.—A numerously-attended and highly-interesting meeting of the members and friends of the London Emancipation Committee was held at Anderton's Hotel, on Saturday evening, for the purpose of presenting an address to the Baron Linstant Pradine, the charge d'affaires for Hayti, on his return to his own country. George Thompson, Esq., presided, and made some suitable introductory observations, in the course of which he sketched some of the leading circumstances in the history of Hayti, and expressed great admiration for General Geffrard and the Republic which he has recently established.

THE SLAVER WANDERER CONFISCATED.—The case of the schooner Wanderer, which has been before our Courts more or less for the past eight months, came to a conclusion finally on Friday, by a confiscation of the vessel. The case was decided in the United States district court, by Judge Sprague. It will not be forgotten that the Wanderer was taken as a slaver. The charges against her were fully proved, and the court has now, after full deliberation, given a decision as above stated. The Wanderer was at last accounts at Havana, ample bonds having been given before she left this port. She is valued at about $20,000, which is a very respectable sum to go into the pocket of Uncle Sam.—*Boston Bee.*

PROPOSAL OF BRIGHAM YOUNG TO SELL OUT TO THE GOVERNMENT.—The Missouri *Democrat* of the 18th, makes the following statement, the purport of which has already been announced by telegraph:

"Capt. Gibson passed through this city on Saturday, on his way to Washington, as bearer of important despatches from Utah to the General Government. We understand these despatches embrace propositions from Brigham Young to sell out the Mormon property at Salt Lake City and vicinity to the United States, the Saints to evacuate the Territory and remove to some point on the Pacific coast, either in the British possessions or within the boundaries of the United States, where they will establish a new home for themselves and followers. There is no doubt that Brigham Young is induced to take this course by the recent heavy emigration to Pike's Peak, and the rapid extension of the power of the Gentiles towards the immediate neighborhood of the Prophet's dominions. The documents which Capt. Gibson has in his possession will, no doubt, shortly be made public."

A HOME THRUST.—Elder Hyde, writing in *The Deseret News* against the anti-polygamy bill in Congress, winds up with the following argument:

"What a 'terrible fix' some of our priestly members of Congress will be in when they die and are carried by angels to Abraham's bosom! Abraham, of course, is their father, and when they get home to his bosom and find Sarah leaning on one arm and Hagar upon the other, being in such close proximity to and so mixed up with polygamy, they may begin to tell the old gentleman of his errors, his corruptions and his wickedness. The old father won't stand this, but administer to them a good thrashing, telling them to keep their noses clean and mind their own business. He will, most likely, regard all such as illegitimate children; for, if they were his legitimate children, they would do the works of Abraham; and one portion of his work was to take unto himself more than one wife."

MURDER BY A SLAVE.—The Atlanta (Georgia) *Intelligencer* gives the substance of a letter from Hon. W. R. Nicholl, of Oglethorpe Co., Georgia, detailing a horrible murder perpetrated by a negro in the employ of Mr. Wm. P. Smith. Jim, the negro, was ordered by Mr. Smith to do a piece of work, which he refused to do, peremptorily. An altercation ensued, and Mr. Smith told the negro, if he wished to quarrel with him to go to the house. The two started together, Mr. Smith walking in front. Just as he entered the gate, the negro asked Mr. Smith what he intended to do with him. As he made no reply, the negro sprang upon him and stabbed him sixteen times, jumping upon his victim as he fell. Mrs. Smith, with some negroes, who were in the house, witnessed the scene, and managed finally to drag the murderer away. He fled to a straw-house, where he was captured the next morning. Mr. Smith died soon afterwards. The people had determined to burn his murderer alive.

SENATOR HALE'S WIT.—They were talking in the Senate about the time of adjournment, when Senator Hale, of New Hampshire, said,

"They had adjourned once for the Democratic Convention, which ended in a box, and he would not adjourn for another, unless there was reliable security that it would do something (laughter). The tariff was settled. No man here is so vain as to make a speech to convince the impervious democracy and obtain a practical tariff. There was no use to sit here, then, and listen to a long speech, and holding out false hopes to the country. Let them go before the people on the tariff. There was no hope for it here. The Senator from Pennsylvania (Mr. Bigler) reminded him of one of the early preachers of Christianity. He was like the voice of one crying in the wilderness (roars of laughter). He respected his motives, but pitied his condition" (renewed laughter).

THE SALE OF SLAVES OF THE INTERNAL IMPROVEMENT DEPARTMENT.—There were sold, on the 9th inst., seventy-nine negroes, ranging in years from thirty-seven to sixty-five years of age, the property of the Internal Improvement Department of the State of Louisiana, sold on account of the approval of an act, entitled "An act providing for the sale of the slaves belonging to the Internal Improvement Department of the State," which act makes it the duty of the Governor to cause to be sold, in the city of New Orleans, for cash, to the highest bidder, after sixty days' notice, and under such regulations and restrictions as he may prescribe, all the slaves belonging to the Internal Improvement Department of the State, except eight. The slaves brought a fraction over $74,000, which is a very good sale, considering their ages. Among them were two engineers, four blacksmiths, good and tolerable; three pilots, three carpenters, two cooks, ten mates, &c.—*New Orleans Delta.*

SCIENTIFIC EXPEDITION TO CUMBERLAND HOUSE ON THE SASKATCHEWAN.—Messrs. William Terrell and Simon Newcomb are at the Winslow House, in this city, and will leave on Tuesday, June 19th, by Burbank's Red River line of stages, upon a journey of one thousand miles northwest of St. Paul, for the purpose of observing, with astronomical instruments, the eclipse of the sun, on the 18th of July, at Cumberland House, in the interior of British America.

They proceed by appointment from the Nautical Almanac Office, established by the Navy Department of the United States at Cambridge, Massachusetts, under the charge of Commander Charles H. Davis, United States Army.

The eclipse will be total to a belt of the continent, whose southern limit is from the mouth of the Columbia River northwest to the entrance of Hudson's Bay. And while observations will be made on the Pacific and Atlantic coasts, it has been thought highly advisable to have a report from Central British America.—*St. Paul Minnesotian, June 18.*

ESCAPE OF A SLAVE.—A ship which arrived at Liverpool a few days ago had been about ten days out from the port of departure, when it was discovered that there was one more on board than had been bargained for. Stowed away in the hold, a black man, an escaped slave, had managed to hide himself till he knew that there was no fear of the captain taking back the ship to put him on shore. When the ship arrived in Liverpool, the man was still retained on board, and some of the passengers, including a clergyman, fearing that the captain, to avoid the penalty to which masters of vessels are subject for bringing home escaped slaves, would take the man back with him, applied to the police. Superintendent Kehoe at once accompanied the passengers to the office of the owners, who, without the least hesitation, gave an order for the man's release, which was complied with. The captain would be liable to heavy penalties if the transaction were known in the States, and we therefore purposely withhold the name of the ship and the port from whence she came.

CASE OF THE BRIG FALMOUTH.—United States Commissioner Bridgham, yesterday, discharged the officers and crew of the Falmouth, who were examined upon the charge of voluntarily serving on board a slaver. The grounds of the decision were, that there was no proof that the vessel was going on an illegal voyage. She was not found in a place for accomplishing the purposes of such voyage, and, even if the proof of this had been sufficient, it is not sufficient to hold them on a charge of voluntarily serving on said vessel. There was no proof that the defendants voluntarily served on board of this vessel, "knowing" her to be a slaver; the evidence of DeWitt, the only one testifying on this point, was contradicted by all the other parties. The whole party was accordingly discharged.

The vessel, which is in custody of the Marshal under a process of the Court, will probably be sold and the money paid into Court, to abide the result of the suit against her. The United States District-Attorney carried the case before the Grand Jury, which also refused to find any evidence of criminality on the part of the crew.—*Times, Tuesday.*

THE MEANNESS OF THE SENATE.—*The Times* says, with much force, of a vulgar exhibition recently made in the United States Senate:

"The objection raised in the Senate by Mr. Fitch, of Indiana, and supported by Mr. Mason, of Virginia, to the reception of a petition presented by Mr. Sumner, on the ground that the same gentleman had previously presented one from negroes, styling themselves persons of African descent, seems to indicate clearly that the pro-slavery party in the Senate are clean 'gone demented.' The Bourbons or Stuarts were sensible, clear-headed fellows in comparison with the personages who now form the majority of the Upper House of Congress.

"The theory that there can exist in any State, civilized or barbarous, human beings too mean and degraded to offer a petition to their rulers, has never been promulgated before—not even in the rankest of Oriental despotisms. The right of prayer to superiors is the only right which no tyrant, however insane or besotted, ever thought of denying to those whom he trampled on. The meanest Rayah could always freely petition the Sultan; the foulest Pariah between Travancore and the Himalayas, and whose touch was eternal pollution, could always beg a favor of the Grand Mogul in his palmiest days. The poorest Majik can lay his prayer at the Czar's

Miscellaneous Department.

"COLORED PEOPLE ALLOWED IN THIS CAR."

INDEED! this permission is worthy of praise:
You'll allow your dark brother to ride—if he pays.
Though of course we must seat him aloof and afar—
Swart nigar from bloade day has a separate car—
On this "social distinction" no jeers I would call,
The wonder is this—we let BLACKS ride at all!
Where such innovation shall cease, who can say?
Perhaps, the next thing, we'll allow them to pray:
And the sexton of Grace, with a grace rather new,
Shall pocket their sixpence, and show them a pew!

By the way, I've a curious longing to know
How the races were classified ages ago:
I wonder if Noah—that primitive tar—
When he launched the vast hull of his water-way car,
Placed a notice outside, ere he "weighed" for the trip,
Permitting the COLORED to ride in his ship:
Or did a conductor mount guard in the Ark,
Admitting light skins and excluding the dark?
And I wonder if God, when the moon he unfurled,
Thought of placing a label like this on the world:
When he fashioned and grooved each orb in its place,
And the great solar train went whirling through space,
Was there placard affixed to planet or star,
Like your "COLORED PEOPLE ALLOWED IN THIS CAR?"

There's an old-fashioned car of a build rather queer,
Unadapted for comfort, damp, darksome, and drear;
And it starts from a depot perhaps you have seen,
Where the ivy grows rankly, the willow waves green;
It goes from our shores, but it comes not again,
All ranks and complexions are one on this train.
You start, my fair friend! I confess 'tis not right,
That the Ethiop race should thus sit with the white;
Ho! gather your shroud, and shrink to one side—
No need to converse, though together ye ride.
This train travels swift: at the first station star,
Perhaps they'll appoint you a separate car,
Or you may not complain: I doubt, on the whole,
If fine of the skin can give tint to the soul:
And 'twere better by far that no scorn-shafts you fling,
Who knows what queer changes that morrow may bring?
Thus De Vere and old Sambo, my point to explain,
Might knock at St. Peter's, and both knock in vain;
Or it might someway hap—I'll give you the doubt—
That the one was admitted, the other ruled out;
And which were the favored is not very clear,
Sambo's worth might outbalance the blood of De Vere!

Ere we part, my fair friend, let me give you a hint,
Since you value yourself on your skin and its tint:
When you've taken this train which is waiting for you,
And the shores of Eternity loom on your view,
You may just chance to stand the wrong side of the bar,
While your "colored" companion's "allowed in the car!"

—*Independent.* C. H. WEBB.

IN MEMORY OF THEODORE PARKER.

Religious Services in Music Hall, Boston.

Addresses by Messrs. Ellis, Emerson and Phillips.

Phonographically reported for the (Boston) Atlas and Bee.

Prefatory.

EXERCISES in commemoration of the death of the late Rev. THEODORE PARKER were held by the Twenty-Eighth Congregational Society, in Music Hall, on Sunday forenoon, June 17th. The capacious hall was crowded to repletion in every part, and hundreds of men and women remained standing through the entire services, lasting upwards of two hours. So great was the desire to be present that people went to the hall as early as 8 o'clock; and by half-past 9 the hall was filled. Among the congregation were many well-known citizens, including hundreds who belong to other churches and denominations. Taken altogether, it was a gathering such as is not often witnessed in Boston, and may be regarded as a testimonial of no common character and significance to the memory, the talents, labors and life of the distinguished deceased.

Floral Tribute.

Among the most strongly-marked characteristics of the late Mr. Parker was a love of flowers. This extended almost to a passion. It was, therefore, in the highest degree proper, and also beautifully suggestive, that on the occasion of a formal commemoration to his memory by this Society, there should be a floral tribute. Accordingly the altar at which he was wont to preach was literally covered with flowers in the form of wreaths, bouquets, &c. In front of the altar was suspended a cross composed of white flowers and evergreen. On each side were numerous wreaths of variegated flowers, the rarest and most beautiful of the season; and upon the top at each wing were bouquets, large in size, and placed in vases. Upon the velvet side of the Bible, was the favorite of Mr. Parker, the Lily of the Valley, a humble but handsome flower. The whole desk was radiant with these floral tributes, while the fragrance they exhaled was only surpassed by their surpassingly regal hues.

The Exercises.

The exercises were commenced at 10½ o'clock, with a voluntary upon the organ. This was followed by the following chant, sung by the choir, which was considerably augmented on this occasion.

Chant from cxxxix. Psalm.

O Lord, thou hast searched me and known me. Thou knowest my down sitting and uprising; thou understandest my thoughts afar off. Thou compassest my path and my lying down, and art acquainted with all my ways. For there is not a word in my tongue, but lo, O Lord, thou knowest it altogether. Whither shall I go from thy spirit, or whither shall I flee from thy presence? If I ascend up into heaven, thou art there; if I make my bed in hell, behold thou art there. If I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea, even there shall thy hand lead me, and thy right hand shall hold me. If I say, surely the darkness shall cover me, even the night shall be light about me. Yea, the darkness hideth not from thee, but the night shineth as the day: the darkness and the light are both alike to thee. How precious also are thy thoughts unto me, O God; how great is the sum of them. If I should count them, they are more in number than the sand: when I awake, I am still with thee. Search me, O God, and know my heart; try me and know my thoughts; and see if there be any wicked way in me, and lead me in the way everlasting.

The Prayer.

A fervent, impressive and lengthy prayer was then offered by Rev. John L. Russell, of Hingham, an intimate friend of Mr. Parker, and who, during his absence, often supplied his desk. Mr. Russell pathetically dwelt upon the great loss which the Society and the world now experienced in the death of Mr. Parker. He also alluded touchingly to the sorrow of the surviving partner and family relatives, and lamented, in solemn tone, the incompletion of his great labors; and concluded by imploring that the sad event might inspire all who grieved his departure to an increased activity and zeal in those principles and works to the carrying out of which he had sacrificed his life.

The choir then sung the hymn commencing

While Thee I seek, protecting Power!
Be my vain wishes stilled,
And may this consecrated hour
With better hopes be filled.

CHARLES M. ELLIS, Esq., then arose and spoke as follows:

Address of Mr. Ellis.

Friends: I *must* speak; but least of that of which my heart is full. I knew Mr. Parker well from the time of his going to West Roxbury. In his last letter to me he writes: "There has never been a day since I left home that I have not often thought of your father and his dear ones. He is one of my oldest friends. His is the last house I was ever in at home except my own." Again that trembling hand wrote; but the mortal eye of that friend, the first to welcome him there and here, was not to read the written words. Would that I could venture to try to pay tribute due to the friendship of so many years. But the day of his first illness, and that of his death, the very hymn he chose, which we have just sung, open such recent sorrows and quick associations that I must turn away from old memories of his house at Spring street, over which the pines were always whispering; his library there, where that great soul was trained, mastering tools wherewith to do the work of the world, and the fair garden on which it looked; of his love for all without, within; of the village church, with its silent finger and its little band; the Sabbath school; of Brook Farm, where we lived—its woods and fields, and stream of gold and gems, dearer and fairer in the pictures which the child, the boy daguerreotypes than the poet or romancer can make them; of the old home—of the strolls there: of the free communion with men of the past and the present there opened; and from later and fresher things, for they would lead to that of which I could not speak.

I remember, even before that, how his stalwart frame swept along the avenues of Divinity Hall. I remember the manner of his early preaching. In that was shown what I always thought the chief element of his character and source of his power. He was often utterly overcome by emotion; his utterance choked; tears flowed; his frame shook. It was beyond what was natural, even at that age. He has told us that "he preached only what he had himself experienced." Gigantic as his developed intellect became—great as were the treasures of learning he diffused—his greatest power was the native impulse of his soul—his affectional nature. No mind, no learning could express it. Though to the world they seemed solid as the ground, they only floated on its bosom.

Born on soil sacred to Freedom—of stock culled in England, and trained for two centuries in the best physical and moral culture of the world—himself reared in schools not the costliest, but the best—taught the love of labor, self-reliance, absolute reverence for God and conscience—he surprised the world by the intellect that embraced, the will that moved it. But these only beat with the pulses of his mighty heart. I do not wish to vindicate all. But as the dust of earth shall fall, this element will justify much that is questioned now. He did not believe in calling black white. Let time and truth judge his sayings. What he spoke in love will live. Do you not remember how, in his discourse on Adams—when the building shook, and his voice was silenced as the ice and snow fell like an earthquake before the sun of spring, he wished it so with the character he was discussing—with what joy he reviewed the glorious labors of the long Indian summer of that life, the rapture with which he hailed its closing act, summed up in that Saxon sentence, "the great loud *No* of an old man going home to his God"? Is the wail of a true heart over powers perverted—the woe of him who speaks in the cause of Humanity and God, to those who smite what they might save—to be condemned?

The Resolve that Theodore Parker *should* have a chance to be heard was more than the word of a friend, or a protest for religious freedom, or a plan for a free church. Before the South Boston sermon, it was known who and what was coming in this young preacher, who had said: "God still lives—man has lost none of his high nature"; and in his parable of Paul: "I shall walk by God's light, and fear not." It was thought that the new truth would be spread by his voice; perhaps not dreamed that one man could spread it so widely. But that simple Resolve, the seed of this Society, was dropped in faith that that truth would prevail—the mover of it having, a year or two before, in a little book now forgotten, shown how it was the basis of all true art, criticism, society, morals, laws and religion. But of this Society:

First—We may be content to leave almost all that is matter of discussion at this day, whilst partisans define their positions, priests their creeds, with a word which covers it all, *vera pro gratis*. If truth be started, let old errors go.

Next—Let us look to what he created and did. He ascended to the sublime heights of philosophy and religion; by thought and study made clear to the intellect the truth that fired his soul, that "God is infinite Perfection, Power, Wisdom, Justice, Love," and plainly showed it to the world. He saw and showed how, historically and by nature, man grows in the light of love and has his eyes opened to spiritual truth, as flowers beneath the sun. He took Truth from books and scholars, Religion from the temples and priests, and showed them to the world.

Calmly, and at length, alas! with labor too great for that failing frame, thinking death near—as he said, "up to his shoulders in his grave"—he reviewed his work. He wished to live to round it off, hoping for the length of years and strength of his ancestors, but ready to pass the golden gates to immortal life. His work is fragmentary in relation to his idea, though so much is in itself complete. He tells us that, after his discourse of Matters Pertaining to "Religion," he formed a plan and prepared for the afternoon and evening of his days, to show the "History of the Progressive Development of Religion among the leading Races of Mankind."

What a few in the groves of the academies, by the lamp of philosophy, in moments of vision had seen, had become so clear to him that he would not only make it plain and prove it to the reason of men, but would traverse the history of the world and show its growth—show how, by either method, analysis or synthesis, this one truth was the culmination of human thought. Well may we leave theologies, Christologies, creeds, statutes, societies, to take care of themselves.

Success! For fifteen years a free church. This truth, embodied in labors for the dangerous, perishing, criminal classes; for education, woman, temperance, freedom, peace; its light thrown on the lives of our great men and heroes, put in volumes that will live with the English tongue; put into labors that now move and will move the American Church and State whilst they endure, set forth in a system of religion; a method of spiritual culture; shadowing a scheme of ethics; containing almost the only fit attempt to state the law of laws in the language. His thought, his labor, his life—these are success and triumph enough. After a life brief in years, but in labor how long, in stature how great, in purity how glorious on earth, his mortal robes lie under the skies of Italy. There let them repose, that pilgrims and patriots of the Old World and the New may go to a spot consecrated by blood that flowed thither from English through American veins.

He strove to gird them up for a few years labor more in the service of God and man, but in vain. The soul that wore them was the world's. It speaks yet, and shall speak in pulpit and senate. Boston will thank him for the unequalled munificence of his charity; the Herculean labors of his ministry; the unsullied purity of his life. May she grow to see and live by his truth; last to have a just pride in being the home of this spiritual Columbus; forget his errors.

Men may raise monuments of stone: they will frame memorials more during in adamantine speech. But he who stood here above the world's fading honors, and his labors will outlast them all.

Our best tribute, here in the presence of the living spirit, the fittest in his sight, and the most lasting, will be the quiet vow not to falter in his work, and, as we may, in Church, or Court, or State, or common life, to keep in sight the light he showed us and follow its heavenly guidance.

Mr. JOHN R. MANLEY, the Secretary of the Society, then said (in allusion to points in the address of Mr. Ellis), that on the 15th September last, while among the Alpine mountains, and in anticipation of the sad event which he knew was approaching, Mr. Parker selected the hymns on the programme, and the Scriptures to be read, to form a part of the commemorative exercises of the Society. Mr. Manley then proceeded to read selections from the Beatitudes and Psalms, alike remarkable for their beauty at all times, and of peculiar appropriateness on the present occasion.

The following hymn, the favorite one of Mr. Parker, and often read by him from that desk, was then sung:

NEARER TO THEE.

Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me;
Still all my song shall be—
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

Though, like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee—
Nearer to Thee!

There let the way appear,
Steps unto heaven,
All that Thou sendest me,
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee—
Nearer to Thee!

Then with my waking thoughts,
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs,
Bethel I'll raise:
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

Or if on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon and stars forgot,
Upward I fly:
Still all my song shall be—
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

Mr. RALPH WALDO EMERSON then addressed the congregation as follows:

Address of Mr. Emerson.

At the death of a good and admirable person, we meet to console and animate each other by the recollection of his virtues.

I have the feeling that every man's biography is at his own expense. He furnishes not only the facts but the report. I mean that all biography is autobiography. It is only what he tells of himself that comes to be known and believed. In Plutarch's lives of Alexander and Pericles you have the secret whispers of their confidence to their lovers and trusty friends. For, it was each report of this kind that impressed those to whom it was told in a manner to secure its being told everywhere to the best, to those who speak with authority to their own times and therefore to ours. For the political rule is a cosmical rule, that if a man is not strong in his own district, he is not a good candidate elsewhere.

He whose voice will not be heard here again, could well afford to tell his experiences; they were all honorable to him, and were part of the history of the civil and religious liberty of his times. Theodore Parker was a son of the soil, charged with the energy of New England, strong, eager, inquisitive of knowledge, of a diligence that never tired, upright, of a haughty independence, yet the gentlest of companions; a man of study, fit for a man of the world; with decided opinions and plenty of power to state them; rapidly pushing his studies so far as to leave few men qualified to sit as critics. He elected his part of duty, or accepted nobly that assigned him in his rare constitution. Wonderful acquisition of knowledge, a rapid wit that heard all, and welcomed all that came, by seeing its bearing. Such was the largeness of his reception of facts and his skill to employ them, that it looked as if he were some President of Council to whom a score of telegraphs were ever bringing in reports; and his information would have been excessive, but for the noble use he made of it ever in the interest of humanity. He had a strong understanding, a logical method, a love for facts, a rapid eye for their historic relations, and a skill in stripping them of traditional lustres. He had a sprightly fancy, and often amused himself with throwing his meaning into pretty apologues; yet we can hardly ascribe to his mind the poetic element, though his scholarship had made him a reader and quoter of verses. A little more feeling of the poetic significance of his facts, would have disqualified him for some of his severer offices to his generation. The old religions have a charm for most minds which it is a little uncanny to disturb. 'Tis sometimes a question, shall we not leave them to decay without rude shocks? I remember that I found some harshness in his treatment both of Greek and of Hebrew antiquity, and sympathized with the pain of many good people in his auditory, whilst I acquitted him, of course, of any wish to be flippant. He came at a time when to the irresistible march of opinion the forms still retained by the most advanced sects showed loose and lifeless, and he, with something less of affectionate attachment to the old, or with more vigorous logic, rejected them. Tis objected to him that he scattered too many illusions. Perhaps more tenderness would have been graceful; but it is vain to charge him with perverting the opinions of the new generation. The opinions of men are organic. Simply, those came to him who found themselves expressed by him. And had they not met this enlightened mind, in which they beheld their own opinions combined with zeal in every cause of love and humanity, they would have suspected their opinions and suppressed them, and so sunk into melancholy or malignity—a feeling of loneliness and hostility to what was reckoned respectable. Tis plain to me that he has achieved a historic immortality here; that he has so woven himself in these few years into the history of Boston, that he can never be left out of your annals. It will not be in the acts of City Councils; nor of obsequious Mayors; nor, in the State House, the proclamations of Governors, with their failing virtue—failing them at critical moments—that the coming generation will study what really befell, but in the plain lessons of Theodore Parker in this Music Hall, in Faneuil Hall, or in Legislative Committee Rooms, that the true temper and authentic record of these days will be read. The next generation will care little for the chances of elections that govern Governors now, it will care little for fine gentlemen who behaved shabbily, but it will read very intelligently in his rough story, fortified with exact anecdotes, precise with names and dates, what part was taken by each actor; who threw himself into the cause of humanity, and came to the rescue of civilization at a hard pinch, and who blocked its course.

The vice charged against America is the want of sincerity in leading men. It does not lie at his door. He never kept back the truth, for fear to make an enemy. But, on the other hand, it was complained that he was bitter and harsh, that his zeal burned with too hot a flame. It is so difficult, in evil times, to escape this charge! for the faithful preacher most of all. It was his merit, like Luther, Knox, and Latimer, and John Baptist, to speak tart truth, when that was peremptory and when there were few to say it. But his sympathy for goodness was not less energetic. One fault he had—he overestimated his friends—I may well say it, and sometimes vexed them with the importunity of his good opinion, whilst they knew better the ebb which follows unfounded praise. He was capable, it must be said, of the most unmeasured eulogies on those he esteemed, especially if he had any jealousy that they did not stand with the Boston public as highly as they ought. His commanding merit as a reformer is this, that he insisted beyond all men in pulpits—I cannot think of one rival—that the essence of Christianity is its practical morals; it is there for use, or it is nothing; and if you combine it with sharp trading, or with ordinary city ambitions to gloze over municipal corruptions, or private intemperance, or successful fraud, or immoral politics, or unjust wars, or the cheating of Indians, or the robbery of frontier nations, or leaving your principles at home to follow on the high seas or in Europe a supple complaisance to tyrants, it is a hypocrisy and the truth is not in you; and no love of religious music or of dreams of Swedenborg, or praise of John Wesley or of Jeremy Taylor, can save you from the Satan which you are.

His ministry fell on a political crisis also; on the years when Southern slavery broke over its old banks, made new and vast pretensions, and wrung from the weakness or treachery of Northern people fatal concessions in the Fugitive Slave bill and the repeal of the Missouri Compromise. Two days bitter in the memory of Boston—the days of the rendition of Sims and of Burns—made the occasion of his most remarkable discourses. He kept nothing back. In terrible earnest he denounced the public crime, and meted out to every official, high and low, his due portion. By the incessant power of his statement he made and held a party. It was his great service to freedom. He took away the reproach of silent consent that would otherwise have lain against the indignant minority, by uttering, in the hour and place wherein these outrages were done, the stern protest.

But whilst I praise this frank speaker, I have no wish to accuse the silence of others. There are men of good powers who have so much sympathy that they must be silent when they are not in sympathy. If you don't agree with them, they know they only injure the truth by speaking. Their faculties will not play them true, and they do not wish to squeak and gibber, and so they shut their mouths. I can readily forgive this, only not the other—the false tongue which makes the worse appear the better cause. There were, of course, multitudes to censure and defame this truth-speaker. But the brave know the brave. Fops, whether in hotels or churches, will utter the fop's opinion, and faintly hope for the salvation of his soul: but his manly enemies, who despised the fops, honored him; and it is well known that his great hospitable heart was the sanctuary to which every soul conscious of an earnest opinion came for sympathy—alike the brave slaveholder and the brave slave-rescuer. These met in the house of this honest man; for every sound heart loves a responsible person, one who does not in generous company say generous things and in mean company base things, but says one thing—now cheerfully, now indignantly—but always because he must, and because he sees that, whether he speak or refrain from speech, this is said over him; and history, nature and all souls testify to the same.

Ah, my brave brother! it seems as if, in a frivolous age, our loss were immense, and your place cannot be supplied. But you will already be consoled in the transfer of your genius, knowing well that the nature of the world will affirm to all men, in all times, that which for twenty-five years you valiantly spoke; that the winds of Italy murmur the same truth over your grave; the winds of America over these bereaved streets; that the sea which bore your mourners home affirms it, the stars in their courses, and the inspirations of youth; whilst the polished and pleasant traitors to human rights, with perverted learning and disgraced graces, rot and are forgotten with their double tongue saying all that is sordid for the corruption of man.

The sudden and singular eminence of Mr. Parker, the importance of his name and influence, are the verdict of his country to his virtues. We have few such men to lose; amiable and blameless at home, feared abroad as the standard-bearer of liberty, taking all the duties he could grasp, and more, refusing to spare himself, he has gone down in early glory to his grave, to be a living and enlarging power, wherever learning, wit, honest valor and independence are honored.

The eloquent and characteristic address of Mr. Emerson produced a marked impression on the congregation.

Original Ode.

The following Ode, written for the occasion by Franklin B. Sanborn of Concord, was then sung to the tune of "Old Hundred," the congregation rising and taking part:

Fair summer glides, with face serene,
Along the quickening earth to-day;
In murmuring woods and pastures green
The thrush and sparrow carol gay.

But ours must be the song of woe,
And tears and wintry gloom are ours,
For one brave heart that lies below
The tender grass and laughing flowers.

Across the melancholy wave
Our constant thought flies swiftly there,
And lingers hovering round his grave,
Amid the fragrant Tuscan air.

Oh, rest in peace! from labors rest!
Too long thy blest release we weep:
Thy body sleeps in Earth's kind breast,
Its loftier way thy soul doth keep.

With us, with us thy memory dwells,
Forbids despair, and hushes strife—
Here most, where every echo tells
The story of thy noble life.

Yet what can check our sorrow here?
Or who more justly weep than we,
While Love and Reverence force the tear,
And Truth and Freedom mourn for thee?

WENDELL PHILLIPS, Esq., then spoke as follows:

Address of Mr. Phillips.

The lesson of this desk is Truth! That your brave teacher dared to speak, and no more. It is only two or three times in our lives that we pause in telling the whole merit of a friend, from fear of being thought flatterers. What the world thinks easily done, it believes; all beyond is put down to fiction. I find myself hesitating to speak just all I think of THEODORE PARKER, lest those who did not know him should suppose I flatter, and thus I mar the massive simplicity of his fame.

Born on the 24th of August, 1810, he died just before finishing his fiftieth year. He said to me, years ago, "When I am fifty, I will leave the pulpit, and finish the great works I have planned." God ordered it so! He has left this desk, and gone there to finish the great works that he planned! Some speak of his death as early; but he died in good old age, if we judge him by his work—full of labors, if not of years—a long life crowded into few years; as Bacon says, "Old in hours, for he lost no time." Truly, he lost not an hour, from the early years when, in his sweet, plain phrase, he tells us "his father let the baby pick up chips, drive the cows to pasture, and carry *nubs* of corn to the oxen"—far on to the closing moment when, faint and dying, he sent us his blessing and brave counsel last November, dated fitly from ROME. God granted him life long enough to see of the labor of his hands. He planted broadly and lived to gather a rich, ripe harvest. His life, too, was an harmonious whole:

——"when brought
Among the tasks of real life, he wrought
Upon the plan that pleased his childish thought."

The very last page those busy fingers ever wrote tells the child's story, than which, he says, "no event in my life has made so deep and lasting an impression on me." "A little boy in petticoats, in my fourth year, my father sent me from the field home." A spotted tortoise, in shallow water, at the foot of a rhodora, caught his sight, and he lifted his stick to strike it, when "a voice within said, 'it is wrong.' I stood with lifted stick, in wonder at the new emotion, till rhodora and tortoise vanished from my sight. I hastened home, and asked my mother what it was that told me it was wrong. Wiping a tear with her apron, and taking me in her arms, she said, 'Some men call it conscience; but I prefer to call it the voice of God in the soul of man. If you listen to it and obey it, then it will speak clearer and clearer, and always guide you right. But if you turn a deaf ear or disobey, then it will fade out, little by little, and leave you in the dark and without a guide.'"

Out of that tearful mother's arms grew your pulpit. Here in words—every day in the streets, by deeds, during a hard life, he repeated and obeyed her counsel.

Of that pulpit, its theology, and its treatment by Unitarian divines, manly and Christian lips spoke to us two weeks ago. It is not for me, even if there were need, to touch on it. Born in that faith, and nurtured in similar maxims of the utmost liberty and duty of individual investigation and thought, I used it to enter other paths. Mine is the old faith of New England. On those points, he and I rarely talked. What he thought, I hardly know. For myself, standing beneath the Gospel rule of "judging men by their fruits," I should have felt stronger in defending my own faith, could I have pointed to any preacher of it who as gently judged and as truly loved his fellow-men. As to doctrines, we both knew that "the whole of truth can never do harm to the whole of virtue;" that, of course, a man's conception of truth is only his opinion, and not, necessarily, absolute truth. But it is always safe and wise for honest and earnest men to seek for truth everywhere and at all hazards. The results, if not wholly and only good, are yet the best things within our reach.

The lesson of Theodore Parker's preaching was love. Let me read for you a sonnet still among his papers.

Oh, Brother! who for us didst meekly wear
The Crown of Thorns about thy radiant brow;
What Gospel from the Father didst thou bear,
Our hearts to cheer, making us happy now?
'Tis this alone, the immortal Savior cries,
To fill thy heart with ever-active love;
Love for the wicked as in sin he lies,
Love for thy Brother here, thy God above;
Fear nothing ill, 'twill finish in its day,
Live for the Good, taking the ill thou must;
Toil with thy might, with manly labor pray,
Living and loving learn thy God to trust,
And He will shed upon thy soul the blessings of the just.

Standing in these old ways, I cannot but suspect the Unitarian pulpits of some latent and cowardly distrust of their own creed, when I see that if one comes from them to our Orthodox ranks, and believes a great deal more than they do, he is treated with reverent respect; but let him go out on the other side, and believe a very little less, and the whole startled body join in begging the world not to think them naturally the parents of such horrible and dangerous heresy!

But there is one thing every man may say of this pulpit. It was a live reality, and no sham. Whether tearing theological idols to pieces at West Roxbury, or here, battling with the every-day evils of the streets, it was ever a live voice, and no mechanical or parrot tune; ever fresh from the heart of God, as these flowers, these lilies—the last flower over which, when eyesight failed him, with his old gesture, he passed his loving hand and said, "How sweet!" Like that story he loved so much to tell, of Michael Angelo, when in the Roman palace Raphael was drawing his figures too small, Angelo sketched a colossal head of fit proportions, and taught Raphael his fault. So Parker criticized these other pulpits, not so much by censure as by creation; by a pulpit proportioned to the hour—broad as humanity, frank as truth, stern as justice, and loving as Christ.

Here is the place to judge him. In St. Paul's cathedral, the epitaph says, if you would know the genius of Christopher Wren, "look around." Do you ask proof how full were the hands, how large the heart, how many-sided the brain, of your teacher—listen, and you will hear it in the glad, triumphant certainty of your enemies, that you must close these doors, since his place can never be filled! Do you ask proof of his efficient labor and the good soil into which that seed fell—gladden your eyes by looking back and seeing for how many months the impulse his vigorous hand gave you has sufficed, spite of boding prophecy, to keep these doors open! Yes, he has left those accustomed to use weapons, and not merely to hold up *his* hands. And not only among yourselves. From another city, I received a letter, full of deep feeling, and the writer, an orthodox church-member, says:

"I was a convert to Theodore Parker before I was a convert to ——. If there is anything of value in the work I am doing to-day, it may, in an important sense, be said to have had its root in Parker's heresy. I mean the habit, without which orthodoxy stands emasculated and good for nothing, of independently passing on the empty and rotten pretensions of churches and churchmen, which I learned earliest and more than from any other, from Theodore Parker. He has my love, my respect, my admiration."

Yes, his diocese is broader than Massachusetts. His influence extends very far outside these walls. Every pulpit in Boston is freer and more real to-day because of the existence of this. The fan of his example scattered the chaff of a hundred sapless years. Our whole city is fresher to-day because of him. The most sickly and timid soul under yonder steeple, hide-bound in days and forms and beggarly Jewish elements, little dreams how ten times worse and narrower it was before this sun warmed the general atmosphere around. As was said of Burke's unsuccessful impeachment of Warren Hastings, "never was the great object of punishment, the prevention of crime, more completely obtained. Hastings was acquitted, but *tyranny and injustice were condemned* wherever English was spoken." So we may say of Boston and Theodore Parker. Grant that few adopted his extreme theological views—that not many sympathized in his politics; still, that Boston is nobler, purer, braver, more loving, more Christian to-day, is due more to him than to all the pulpits that vex her Sabbath air. He raised the level of sermons intellectually and morally. Other preachers were compelled to grow in manly thought and Christian morals in very self-defence. The droning routine of dead metaphysics or dainty morals was gone. As Christ preached of the fall of the tower of Siloam the week before, and what men said of it in the streets of Jerusalem, so Parker rung through our startled city the news of some fresh crime against humanity—some slave hunt, or wicked court, or prostituted official—till frightened audiences actually took bond of their new clergymen that they should not be tormented before their time!

Men say he erred on that great question of our age—the place due to the Bible. Perhaps so. But William Crafts, one of the bravest men who ever fled from our vulture to Victoria, writes to a friend: "When the slave-hunters were on our track, and no other minister, except yourself, came to direct our attention to the God of the oppressed, Mr. Parker came with his wise counsel, and told us where and how to go; gave us money—but that was not all—he gave me a weapon to protect our liberties, and a Bible to guide our souls. I have that Bible now, and shall ever prize it most highly."

How direct and frank his style—just level to the nation's ear! No man ever needed to read any one of his sentences twice to catch its meaning. None suspected that he thought other than he said, or more than he confessed.

Like all such men he grew daily—never too old to learn. Mark how closer to actual life, how much bolder in reform, are all his later sermons—specially since he came to the city—every year a step

——"forward, persevering to the last,
From well to better, daily self-surpassed."

There are men whom we measure by their times—content and expecting to find them subdued to what they work in. They are the chameleons of circumstance; they are Eolian harps, toned by the breeze that sweeps over them. There are others, who serve as guide-posts and land-marks—we measure their times by them. Such was Theodore Parker. Hereafter the critic will use him as a mete-wand, to measure the heart and civilization of Boston. Like the Englishman, a year or two ago, who suspected our great historian could not move in the best circles of the city, when it dropped out that he did not know Theodore Parker, distant men guage us by our toleration and recognition of him. Such men are our Nilometers; the harvest of the future is according to the height that the flood of our love rises round them. Who cares now that Harvard vouchsafed him no honors! But history will save the fact to measure the calculating and prudent bigotry of our times.

Some speak of him as only a bitter critic and harsh prophet. Pulpits and journals shelter their plain speech in mentioning him under the example of what they call his "unsparing candor." Do they feel that the *strangeness* of their free speech, their unusual frankness, needs apology and example! But he was far other than a bitter critic; though thank God for every drop of that bitterness which came like a wholesome rebuke on the dead, saltless sea of American life! Thank God for every indignant protest, for every Christian admonition that the Holy Spirit breathed through those manly lips! But if he deserved any single word, it was "generous." *Vir generosus* is the description that leaps to the lip of every scholar. He was generous of money. Born on a New England farm, in those days when small incomings made every dollar a matter of importance, he no sooner had command of wealth than he lived with open hands. Not even the darling ambition of a great library ever tempted him to close his ear to need. Go to Venice or Vienna, to Frankfort or to Paris, and ask the refugees who have gone back—when here friendless exiles but for him—under whose roof they felt most at home! One of our oldest and best teachers writes me, that telling him once, in the cars, of a young lad of rare mathematical genius, who could read Laplace, but whom narrow means debarred from the University—"Let him enter," said Theodore Parker; "I will pay his bills."

No sect, no special study, no one idea bounded his sympathy; but he was generous in judgment, where a common man would have found it hard to be so. Though he does not "go down to dust without his fame," though Oxford and Germany sent him messages of sympathy, still, no word of approbation from the old grand names of our land, no honors from University or learned Academy greeted his brave, diligent, earnest life; men can confess that they voted against his admission to scientific bodies for his ideas, feeling all the while that his brain could furnish half the Academy; and yet, thus ostracised, he was the most generous, more than just, interpreter of the motives of those about him, and looked on while others reaped where he sowed, with most generous joy in their success. Patiently analyzing character and masterly in marshalling facts, he stamped with generous justice the world's final judgment of Webster, and now that the soreness of the battle is over, friend and foe allow it.

He was generous of labor—books never served to excuse him from any, the humblest work. Though "hiving wisdom with each studious year," and passionately devoted to his desk, as truly as was said of Milton, "the lowliest duties on himself he laid." What drudgery of the street did that scholarly hand ever refuse? Who so often and constant as he in the trenches; when a slave case made our city a camp? Loving books, he had no jot of a scholar's indolence or timidity, but joined hands with labor everywhere. Erasmus would have found him good company, and Melancthon got brave help over a Greek manuscript; but the likeliest place to have found him in that age would have been at Zwingle's side, on the battle-field, pierced with a score of fanatic spears. For, above all things, he was terribly in earnest. If I sought to paint him in one word, I should say he was always *in earnest*.

I spoke once of his diligence, and we call him tireless, unflagging, unresting. But they are commonplace words, and poorly describe him. What we usually call diligence in educated men does not outdo, does not equal the day-laborer in ceaselessness of toil. No scholar, not even the busiest, but loiters out from his weary books, and feels shamed by the hodman or the plough-boy. The society and amusements of easy life eat up and beguile one-half our time. Those on whose lips and motions hang crowds of busy idlers, submit to life-long discipline—almost every hour a lesson. Those on whose tones float the most precious truth, disdain an effort. The table you write on is the fruit of more toilsome and thorough discipline than the brain of most who deem themselves scholars ever knew. Let us not cheat ourselves with words. But no poor and greedy mechanic, no farm tenant "on shares," ever distanced this unresting brain. He brought into his study that conscientious, loving industry which six generations had handed down to him on the hard soil of Massachusetts. He *loved* work, and I doubt if any workman in our empire equalled him in thoroughness of preparation. Before he wrote his review of Prescott, he went conscientiously through all the printed histories of that period in three or four tongues. Before he ventured to paint for you the portrait of John Quincy Adams, he read every line Adams had ever printed, and all the attacks upon him that could be found in public or private collections.

Fortunate man! he lived long enough to see the eyes of the whole nation turned toward him as to a trusted teacher. Fortunate, indeed, in a life so noble, that even what was scorned from the pulpit will surely become oracular from the tomb! Thrice fortunate, if he loved fame and future influence, that the leaves which bear his thoughts to posterity are not freighted with words penned by sickly ambition or wrung from hunger—but with earnest thoughts on dangers that make the ground tremble under our feet, and the heavens black over our head—the only literature sure to live. Ambition says, "I will write, and be famous." 'Tis only a dainty tournament, a sham fight, forgotten when the smoke clears away. Real books are like Yorktown or Waterloo, whose cannon shook continents at the moment, and echo down the centuries. Through such channels Parker poured his thought.

And true hearts leaped to his side. No man's brain ever made him warmer friends; no man's heart ever held them firmer. He loved to speak of how many hands he had, in every city, in every land, ready to work for him. With royal serenity he levied on all. Vassal hearts multiplied the great chief's powers. And at home the gentlest and deepest love, saintly, unequalled devotion, made every hour sunny, held off every care, and left him double liberty to work. God comfort that widowed heart!

Judge him by his friends. No man suffered anywhere, who did not feel sure of his sympathy. In sick chambers, and by the side of suffering humanity, he kept his heart soft and young. No man lifted a hand anywhere for truth and right, who did not look on Theodore Parker as his fellow-laborer. When men hoped for the future, this desk was one stone on which they planted their feet. Where, more frequent than around his board, would you find men familiar with Europe's dungeons and the mobs of our own streets? Wherever the fugitive slave might worship, here was his Gibraltar. Over his mantel, however scantily furnished, in this city or elsewhere, you were sure to find a picture of Parker.

But he is gone! So certain was he of his death, that in the still watches of the Italian night, he comforted the sickening hopes of those about him by whispering—

"I hear a voice you cannot hear,
Which says I must not stay;
I see a hand you cannot see,
Which beckons me away."

But where shall we stop? This empty desk! You may fill it, but where is he who called it into being? Who shall make it so emphatically the symbol of free thought? To have stood here was, for most men, sufficient credentials. Here the young knight earned his spurs. Around it has swelled and tossed the battle of Christian liberty. The debate, whether Theodore Parker should speak in one place or preach in another, has been one of God's chief methods of teaching this land the lesson of what bigots style *toleration*, and freemen better call Christian liberty.

He has passed on—we linger. That other world grows more real to us, as friend after friend enters it. Soon more are there than on this side; soon our hearts are more than half there. God tenderly sunders the few ties that still bind us. So live that when called to join that other assembly, we shall feel we are only passing from an apprenticeship of thought and toil to broader fields and a higher teacher above.

The blessings of the poor are his laurels. Say that his words won doubt and murmur to trust in a loving God—let that be his record! Say that to the hated and friendless, he was shield and buckler—let that be his epitaph! The glory of children is the fathers. When you voted "that Theodore Parker should be heard in Boston," God honored you. Well have you kept that pledge. In much labor and with many sacrifices he has laid the corner-stone. His work is ended here. God calls you to put on the top-stone. Let fearless lips and Christian lives be his monument!

The eloquent address of Mr. Phillips was listened to with undivided attention, and was received with great favor.

The following hymn was then sung:

My God, I thank Thee! may no thought
E'er deem Thy chastisements severe;
But may this heart, by sorrow taught,
Calm each wild wish, each idle fear.

The exercises were concluded with a benediction pronounced by Rev. Mr. Russell.

The services were nearly two hours and a half in length, and retained the fixed attention of the hearers to the close.

Incidents, &c.

Mrs. Parker was not present, her health not being sufficiently established to render a visit to the hall safe or prudent. The occasion itself might also have had a depressing and unfavorable influence upon her. Mr. Isaac Parker, the only surviving brother of Mr. Parker, a nephew, and a few other relatives were present, and sat in the body of the house, in front of the altar. Miss Stevenson, for several years an intimate member of the family